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THE BATTLE FOR BERLIN

WHAT the Council of Foreign Ministers did in London is now history, and—since neither side budged appreciably from the positions taken up in Moscow last spring—predigested history at that. It is idle now to speculate what would have happened if Mr. Molotov had not decided to use the Conference as the sounding board for Soviet propaganda, or if his last-minute offer to discuss reparations on the basis of a percentage contribution from increased German production had been taken up either by Mr. Marshall or Mr. Bevin. With nothing agreed, and with the Conference indefinitely adjourned, it is more profitable to consider the implications, economic and political, of the situation which confronts the Powers, and their intentions.

Economically, there are gains and losses on each side. Mr. Molotov must abandon any faint hopes he had that the Soviet Union could levy tribute in reparations from a Western Germany kept from bleeding to death by continued Anglo-American subsidies. In Austria, doomed now (we fear) to an indefinite occupation by all four Powers, responsibility for sustaining the densely populated Russian Zone may be an embarrassing liability to the Soviet Union, if the Western Powers seal off their Zones and bid them rely on a combination of Marshall dollars and tourist traffic. Against this, the U.S.S.R. has the consolation that the considerable industrial potential of Eastern Germany and Austria can now be geared tightly into the Russian economic system and its production placed at the disposal of the architects of an integrated Eastern European Plan.

Mr. Marshall and Mr. Bevin, in their turn, must now face the fact that an over-populated Western Reich, severed from the food-producing lands of the Soviet Zone, is likely to cost many more dollars to maintain than a unified Germany would ultimately have done; and tourists alone will not suffice to keep the Western provinces of Austria going. Much capital will have to be sunk in costly hydro-electric development, to say nothing of continued unrequited imports of food. For the Western Allies the main compensation for the breakdown is that the power-house of Europe can now be made to serve the purposes of the Marshall Plan without interference from the U.S.S.R. Indeed, from the moment that the Paris Conference reached the conclusion that German production was an essential factor in the rehabilitation of a Western European grouping pump-primed by American dollars, it must have been obvious to everyone that the success of the Marshall Plan was incompatible with Four Power control over a unified Reich.

That an unsurmountable fiscal wall will now be erected in Europe from Stettin to Trieste is not a necessary or a probable consequence of the impasse reached in London. Both Communists and anti-Communists must eat; there will be trade, perhaps expanding trade, between East and West in Germany and Austria, just as there will be between Eastern and Western Europe. What is more to be feared is that this final end to a war-time marriage of convenience may be the signal for the intensification of a political struggle for the body and soul of Germany. The first battleground may be Berlin. The walls of Vienna are unlikely to fall to the blowing of a Soviet trumpet; Catholicism is too strong in Austria, and the traditions of Social Democracy too potent among the Austrian Left, for a Russo-phil Communist Party to have any chance of securing power in the foreseeable future. But in Berlin the case is different. There the Russians can, if they are so minded, establish a provisional administration which would be dominated by the Socialist Unity Party (S.E.D.) and which could be publicised, like the Peoples' Congress convened a fortnight ago, as the future "national" government of the Reich. Even if a rival administration were set up in Frankfurt, its magnetic appeal to the German people's sense of unity would be impaired both by its location and by the fact that American objections to any form of German "centralism" seem likely to result in making it no more than a loose federation of *Länder*. Berlin is still the capital of Germany; and, for purposes of political warfare, a German government established there would be a strong card in Russian hands—particularly if the enclaves of Greater Berlin now occupied by the American, British and French, were rendered (as they could be) untenable. They will, however, have to play it against opponents who can at least bring Western Germany dollars; and, though Moscow may calculate that there is already a Communist Fifth Column in Bizonia, there is a strong anti-Russian majority among the 50 million Germans over whom the mantle of the Marshall Plan is now cast.

In determining the tempo and direction of political warfare between East and West, much will turn on the attitude of France. If the French Government is wise, it will insist that the Ruhr must be subject to international control, and that Europe cannot afford to have the main centre of Germany's coal, steel and heavy engineering production given back to the Krupps and other survivors of the Nazi regime. A firm French stand on this issue should have the support of the British Government no less than of the Dutch and Belgian. If the United States could be persuaded to accept international control of the Ruhr as the price for securing the merger of the French Zone in a Western German State, it might do something to dispel the impression, which will otherwise be created in Eastern Europe, that Trizonia is being organised round the German arsenal as a strategic base.

During his recent visit to Paris, Mr. Marshall's Republican adviser, Mr. John Foster Dulles, is said to have derived the impression both from the French Government and from de Gaulle, that there would be no official opposition to the intensive rehabilitation of the Ruhr as a capitalist economy, financed and directed by the United States, provided only that France received ample American equipment for her Army and had her security underwritten by a tripartite Anglo-Franco-American pact of mutual assistance. We hope France will maintain her earlier stand. However defensive its purpose, such a pact would be characterised in Moscow as one more proof that Western Imperialism is preparing war on the democracies of Eastern Europe. The Russian retort would inevitably be to foment within Western Germany every sort of resistance—Communist and Nationalist alike—against Western reconstruction plans. The battleground would shift from Berlin to the Ruhr.

The Ruhr Plan

Though the prospects for the European Recovery Programme do not seem too bright in Congress, the American delegation to the Council of Foreign Ministers is returning to the United States full of hope and enthusiasm. The long period of being blocked by Russian disapproval is, they feel, over at last, and it is now up to the United States to make a success of their sphere of influence. At the same time the British coal figures have delighted (and surprised) the American visitors, and indeed the whole American people, who had become very bitter about constant British failures. The French "defeat" of the Communists has been greeted far more lyrically in America than in Europe, and U.S. papers are comparing the present situation to the war situation in 1943 when, after the long series of retreats, the tide had turned. Mr. Lippmann's thesis that Russia has lost the cold war, which a month ago was pooh-poohed, is now accepted as gospel. At this moment, as the result of the prolonged bi-zonal finance discussions, America gains virtual control of policy in the Ruhr. She intends to use it (with some formal safeguard for France) to the full, and to rebuild the industry of Western Europe around its resources.

Snakes and Ladders

The Bill for Interim Aid to France, Italy and Austria climbed slowly but successfully up the whole ladder of authorisation, only to slither almost down to the bottom again on the snake of "appropriation." The cuts made by the House in the Authorisation Bill were almost all restored in Committee, and the Reconstruction Finance Corporation can now place certain funds at the Administration's disposal so that aid may actually begin at once. But the House Appropriations Committee, which recommends the spending of detailed sums of money up to the maximum authorised, has slashed the amounts for France and Italy on the grounds that U.S. funds were asked, for instance, to pay the servicing of the French overseas debt. Such items, says Chairman John Taber, have no connection with relief, which is all that his Committee is interested in. There are still plenty of stages in which cuts can be restored; but the growing reluctance to put through "non-controversial" Interim Aid reflects the anxiety of all Congressmen at the signs of runaway inflation. Mr. Truman's coupling of inflation controls at home with aid abroad, which was regarded as a political manœuvre, is now seen to be an economic necessity. Many otherwise internationalist Republicans who see that more aid means more controls are therefore advocating less aid. This attempt to push through a meaningless economic Controls Bill was foiled by united Democratic opposition, but the detailed Administration plan—which includes wage and price controls—cannot hope to be considered at the special session which ends this week.

Rationing Ends in Russia

The decision to abolish rationing and to bring to an end the system under which coupon-free goods were sold at extremely high prices in the "commercial" shops is, on the face of it, evidence of confidence felt by the Moscow Government in the post-war recovery of the U.S.S.R. It is not surprising that it should have been found necessary to accompany this far-reaching measure with a revaluation of the rouble which represents a graduated capital levy on liquid cash. During the war it was essential at all costs to secure maximum output and deliveries of grain despite the mobilisation of millions of men for war service. This involved enormous payments to collective farms for their output—sold partly at fixed prices for quotas compulsorily delivered to the State, partly at higher prices for voluntary additions to the State's quota, and partly at still higher prices in the free market. The result was inevitably a currency inflation, aggravated by a flood of notes forged by the Germans, which had to be dealt with before there could be any general relaxation of physical controls on consumption. What has now happened is that 90 per cent. of the accumulations of cash resulting largely from free-market trade is written off; nominal wages rates are unchanged; and the future level of real wages will depend on (*a*) consumers' ability to satisfy their needs, (*b*) the extent of the reduction in "commercial" prices, as against an increase in some "rationed" prices. The net effect on the standard of living of the urban worker is difficult to calculate exactly. It will obviously depend on the proportion of needs which had previously to be satisfied in the free market, and on the Government's ability to keep prices stable at their new "equalised" level.

Coalition in Italy

By the inclusion in his Government of Signor Pacciardi's Republicans and the Socialist fraction which Signor Sarragat leads, Signor de Gasperi has assured himself of a comfortable working majority in the Italian Assembly. Between now and the elections due to be held next March he cannot be out-voted in Parliament; and the opposition with which he will have to contend will come from organised labour in the industrial field, where unemployment—actual and concealed—has already reached the figure of two millions as a result of the policy of deflation to which the Finance Minister, Signor Einaudi, has committed the Government. Relying presumably on the advent of American aid to alleviate the most acute scarcities of consumers' goods, and to enable him to bring about some reduction of retail prices of essentials, Signor Einaudi is applying ruthlessly the traditional technique of deflation—including the raising of the bank rate to 5 per cent., the drastic curtailment of banking credits to industry, and the devaluation of the foreign exchange value of the lira. His dilemma is that, unless he frowns sternly on any further expenditure on public works, outgoings from the Treasury may continue to lead to a mounting note circulation. If, on the other hand, he has the courage of his deflationary convictions, his attempt to restore "normality" in Italy by classical capitalist means may produce a revolutionary situation.

Prospects in Palestine

The significance of the disturbances in Palestine is not their size—despite the usual inflated press reports they are still isolated incidents—but the opportunity they provide to the extremists on both sides to kill the dying chances of conciliation. The Irgun and the Mufti's gangs are now setting the pace, and thereby making it probable that the U.N. Commission, when it begins to divide the country, will be faced with an uncontrollable situation. For this increase of extremism, the American and British Governments share responsibility, the former through its present policy and the latter through its past record. As the melancholy debate in the Commons showed last Friday, Britain has forfeited any claim to moral authority. The Americans, on the other hand, are responsible for simultaneously pushing the partition plan through the Assembly, and sabotaging any proposals for its enforcement. This is the surest way to make partition a failure, and it may also give the Russians an early opportunity to raise the issue on the Security Council and to propose, what the Americans dread, military participation by the Soviet Union. But it looks as though the State Department, having squared American Jewry by supporting a Jewish Commonwealth in theory, is now conciliating the Arab League by setting impossible conditions for its establishment. The danger is not that Arab armies will invade the country, but that the League will be incited by American spinelessness to defy the U.N. Commission, to stimulate guerrilla activity and to prevent the economic co-operation without which Palestine's industry and agriculture will crumble back into the sand. This disaster can still be averted if the Security Council takes warning from the present disorders and decides to back the Commission with a police force composed of contingents from "middle" Powers. But which Great Power will take the initiative?

Labour Shifts in October

Mr. Isaacs during October directed only ten persons in all under the new powers recently accorded him, apart from the 84 directed under powers which he had previously. The power to "direct" may, however, have had some influence without being exercised on the fairly substantial movement during the month away from home markets into export trades. There was a rise of 70,000 in the working population during the month—mainly women returning to employment—and this helped to increase the labour force in the textile trades by 12,000. Rather surprisingly, the numbers employed in distribution rose by 19,000; but this may have been partly due to preparations for Christmas. If not, it compares unfavourably with a total rise of less than 16,000 in the "first preference" industries. Coal mining again declined by over 1,000 during the month—which makes the miners' achievement in higher output all the more creditable. When account is taken of the number of new entrants, the total of transfers from less to more essential occupations is not large; and clearly much more is needed to get a correct distribution. Recorded unemployment, at 1¼ per cent. of the labour force, is very low; but there are still a fair number of the so-called "lost million" to be accounted for. Altogether, the figures show a right tendency, but on much too small a scale. Whether the movement can be speeded up without actual use of compulsory powers on a substantial scale remains to be seen.

Royal Incomes

The Report of the Select Commitee to consider the income to be granted to Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh recommends £40,000 a year for her and £10,000 a year for her husband. An indication that some of the members of the Committee thought this too much is the minority Labour motion for a joint £40,000. But nowhere in the Report are any details given as to how the sums suggested were arrived at, apart from a fleeting reference to an estimate that put the Princess's official expenses alone at £45,000 a year and her personal outgoings at £5,000. This estimate, £10,000 more than the majority of the Committee recommended for the Princess, was presumably made by officials responsible for the management of royal households, and must have formed the basis of the Committee's discussions. Obviously, with a constitutional monarchy such as ours, members of the Royal Family, particularly those close in succession to the throne, have definite functions to perform, which entail considerable expenses in the way of staffs and establishments. But the presentation of their incomes in round figures, without adequate explanation, is hardly fair to them or to the public. £50,000 a year seems, on the face of it, a fantastic figure, but, according to the official estimate, it may not be enough. The time has now been reached when Royal expenses should be set out and voted like those of any Department of State. It is not right that the Princess should be expected to pay out of her own pocket the salaries of the Comptroller of her Household, or her ladies-in-waiting and secretaries, or even the expenses of her official residences. Nor should she or her husband be expected any more to make large personal contributions to charity. Arrangements having been made for the State to take over the burden of paying all necessary expenses, the income, which could then be reasonably allowed to be added to the private resources of the couple, would appear far more modest in the public eye—perhaps no more than that of a Prime Minister.

PARLIAMENT: Valedictories

Wednesday

MANY speakers on the Parliament Bill succeeded n introducing a wide range of subjects not directly elated to the matter in hand. Perhaps the record or irrelevancy was broken by Beverley Baxter a ouple of hours before the Bill started on its journey o the Lords. In the first three minutes of his peech he contrived to get into arguments with nterrupters on the following topics: the applicability of the word "stooge" to Lord Beaverbrook; he Oxford Group smile, or otherwise, of the Member or Walsall; the trustworthiness of the Home Secreary if left alone with one's wife or daughter; and hether or no Turner-Samuel had heard as many of he speeches as he had. With this suitable salute he Bill was handed over to their Lordships, and the House settled down to discuss the motion under hich anyone responsible for offering money that has een corruptly accepted by a Member, in return for onfidential information, will incur the grave displeasure of the House.

Morrison wanted the motion as a warning to editors nd newsmen to watch their step. Edelman, in a ascinating survey of the relations between Press and Parliament, gave all the reasons as to why the motion was a bad one and then declared his intention of upporting it. Mallalieu made a pleasing and eloquent plea, greatly impressing the House, against ard rules being fixed to control relationships which y their nature should be governed by individual ecency and common sense. Winterton proclaimed imself to be "rather on the side" of this column, nd on this occasion the column will return the compliment, although it is doubtful if he was right in escribing the motion as an extension of privilege. After most speakers had disapproved of the motion t was duly carried.

The House was conscious when debating Palestine hat it might be the last time that it will ever do so, ut the thought inspired more weariness than enthusiasm. Creech Jones gave an even summary of he situation and announced that the Government accepted the Uno decision as that of a court of international opinion. Nevertheless, this did not mean hat he could take any responsibility for implementing the partition plan. For that reason it was undesirable hat the Commission should arrive in Palestine until a very short period before the Mandate was relinquished. When he had finished, the familiar figures of all the Palestine debates in this Parliament rose to their feet. Oliver Stanley wanted more details of the evacuation plan. Brig. Low gave an intelligent warning of the military difficulties. Crossman in an ffective speech, blamed the Government for imposing for eighteen months an absence of policy on Jews and Arabs by force. Because partition was unpopular with the Foreign Secretary, it gave him the pportunity to go to the Arab League and persuade them that, as Britain was obliged to abide by something it did not like, they could do the same without loss of face. To the surprise of Zionist Members he then turned on them and cautioned them not to be too cheerful or to imagine that they could hold their State without an international police force.

Lipson, as usual, angered his fellow Jews by being more British than the British. Others attacked or supported Uno according to taste, while Dick Stokes made a last passionate protest on behalf of the Arabs, and used Balfour and Laski as evidence that there should be no Jewish State in Palestine. Silverman, answering Stokes, refuted suggestions of pressure, and curiously thought that India was not a member of the Commonwealth. In his reply, Mr. Bevin was no longer the bold figure who had staked his reputation on settling Palestine. He was quiet and factual and resented the suggestion that he had not been willing to accept the findings of the Anglo-American Commission. He claimed a trifle unconvincingly that the Uno plan was not very different from the Morrison Federal arrangement and finally put much of the blame for the trouble on Hitler.

On Monday the House adjourned, to the accompaniment of obituary speeches, out of respect for Lord Baldwin. The best of the speeches was the shortest; it came from Willie Gallacher and by its warmth moved the House to the feeling that "even the ranks of Tuscany . . ."

WOODROW WYATT

BETWEEN THE BLOCS

MR. HAROLD WILSON's statement last week on the success of his negotiations with Mr. Mikoyan produced a remarkable scene in the House of Commons. Government supporters greeted his speech and his succinct answers to questions with a sustained rumble of applause; the Conservatives maintained a silence the melancholy of which was enhanced by the expression on their faces. Even when Mr. Eden rose to congratulate the President of the Board of Trade, his supporters remained sullen and hostile.

What was the reason for this sharp division of feeling in a House which has been remarkable for the support afforded by the Opposition to the Government's foreign policy? In the past Conservatives have fiercely criticised the Minister of Food for his failure to purchase animal feeding stuffs overseas. Now, by bartering British machinery for some five hundred thousand tons of coarse grains, the Government has averted the crisis threatening our cattle farmers and ensured an increased production next year of meat and eggs. This should have been good news indeed to a Party, the majority of whose members represent agricultural constituencies.

There are three reasons for the suspicion shown by the Conservatives towards the Anglo-Russian trade agreement. In the first place, they fear that Mr. Wilson's success in Moscow will endanger our chances of aid under the Marshall Plan. Congress, they presume, will be still further prejudiced against a Labour Government if it negotiates a large-scale agreement with the Soviet Union. We believe that these fears are completely groundless. So far from increasing the unpopularity of the Labour Government in Washington, the agreement will strengthen the hands both of our negotiators and of those far-sighted Americans who understand that Western Europe cannot recover without a revival of trade with the Eastern Bloc. Moreover, so long as Britain was almost entirely dependent on dollar countries for her imports of food and feeding stuffs, we could not afford to bargain about prices. Beggars could not be choosers, and U.S. aid was bound to appear to most Americans as an act of charity. For the sake of Anglo-American relations, therefore, it is essential that our dollar dependency should be reduced by such measures as the Anglo-Russian trade agreement. Indeed, only by so doing can we ensure that the Marshall Plan will contribute to our recovery instead of keeping us just alive. Conservative hostility to Mr. Wilson's announcement on the ground that it may alienate the U.S.A. reveals an attitude of ideological dependency which is not only poor-spirited in itself but also highly embarrassing to Mr. Marshall.

The second reason for the coldness displayed by the Opposition is, without doubt, the suspicion that the present deal is merely a beginning. Next May the negotiations will begin for further extensive barter of wheat and timber for machinery; and it is clear that, in order to achieve bulk purchase of Russian commodities, we must be prepared to undertake bulk sales of British goods. This will involve a further development of Government planning and control and deeper inroads on free enterprise both in production and in the export trade. Old-fashioned multi-lateralism, such as the Conservative Party still preaches, is clearly impossible as the basis for trade with the planned economies of the Eastern Bloc. Mr. Churchill and his supporters, therefore, are right to suspect that the Anglo-Russian agreement drives yet another nail into the coffin of a free economy.

Thirdly, and most important, the agreement reflects the remarkable improvement in our industrial situation since the Government introduced its crisis plans last summer. The negotiations with the Russians were broken off in July mainly because, though agreement had been reached on prices, Mr. Wilson was unable to guarantee delivery of British goods. This, not the dispute about the 1941 credits, was the basic cause of the breakdown. But, since then, the figures of coal and steel production have shown a remarkable improvement, and the Cripps Plan has begun to work. At long last we are beginning to shape our production to suit our markets, and to concentrate on the manufacture of goods which we can exchange for food and raw materials outside the dollar area. Even three months ago no one could say with certainty that we would have the coal and steel to keep industry running next spring or that we would be producing the machinery which the Russians require. Now the situation has been transformed; and the miners and steel workers can legitimately claim that they have played the major part in making Mr. Wilson's success possible. Thereby they have saved our farmers from disaster and won for the country a small but significant increase in its economic independence.

We should not, however, jump to the conclusion that an expansion of trade with Russia and with the other countries of the Eastern Bloc is in itself sufficient to get us out of our difficulties. The present agreement is in effect a single, very large, barter deal. Even if it is followed by others, we shall still be largely dependent on imports from dollar countries, and our standard of living will remain dangerously low until we can revive our trade with Western Europe. The acute difficulties in the present trade talks with Canada are only one illustration of the effects of the dollar famine. The Canadians have been constrained by dollar shortage to place an embargo on many imports and to demand dollars for the dairy produce which we import from them in addition to wheat. Our trade negotiations with Argentina have also run into the same difficulty. No agreement we can make with the Soviet Union could make up for the loss of food imports from these two countries. Revival of trade with Western Europe is essential. So long as these countries remain weak and impoverished and so long as they need our goods and have nothing to exchange for them, British recovery will be in jeopardy.

The importance, therefore, of the Marshall Plan remains unaffected by the prospects of trade revival with the Eastern Bloc. Indeed, the two are complementary, as the report of the Paris Conference on the Marshall proposal made perfectly clear. Ideology may sunder the peoples, and the Foreign Ministers may fail to agree on anything, but economics demand that Britain and Western Europe, if they are to avoid starvation, should simultaneously accept American assistance and break down the trade barriers between West and East.

In this task of making ideology subservient to economics, it is inevitable that Socialist Britain should assume the leadership. We are the strongest nation of Western Europe; our recovery has been speedier than that of our neighbours; as the world's greatest importer we offer the biggest market; and, above all, our political unity should make us relatively immune to ideological insanity. Encouraged by the signs of industrial revival, we should be ready to contribute our full share to the creation of an economically integrated Western European grouping based on Socialist planning.

The first step must surely be the creation of joint machinery for receiving and allocating American aid among the Sixteen Nations, for planning their capital re-equipment and for trading with Russia. The Americans are beginning to complain that, while the Sixteen Nations co-operated excellently in working out their demands for American assistance, we failed to plan for our own self-help. This is a legitimate complaint which Socialists should be the last to ignore. Moreover, it is equally absurd that no fewer than nine of the Sixteen Nations should now have separate trade delegations in Moscow bargaining against each other for Russian cereals.

Joint machinery for negotiating with Russia is just as important as joint machinery for dealing with the Marshall Plan.

Mr. Bevin showed imagination in his response to Mr. Marshall's Harvard Speech. He took a risk and it paid dividends. That success has now been followed by the Anglo-Russian trade agreement. With the collapse of the Foreign Ministers' Conference, the time is approaching for the third British initiative in the rebuilding of Western Europe between the Blocs.

FOR PEOPLES, NOT PEDANTS

THERE were times in the Unesco Conference at Mexico City when I gave the simultaneous-translation knob an extra twist and, escaping from English, French and Spanish into ear-muffled silence, wondered whether the delegate from Montana was right after all.

He had charged into my life at the head of a boisterous band of peon children on the shores of the Pacific at Acapulco. The Mexican Government, halfway through the Conference, had thoughtfully flown us down from the thin air of the 8,000ft. Mexican plateau to replenish our oxygen supply at sea-level, and my oxygen-starved brain-cells had forgotten to pack my bathing-trunks. Perhaps this beachcomber in the bedraggled white ducks and a week's growth of beard could tell me where to find some. Sure, he said breathlessly, as the peons pulled at his pants. And then I noticed that he was wearing the blue-and-gold badge of a Unesco delegate in his shirt. He cheerfully confessed himself an observer from Montana and a deserter from the Conference. He had stood the first three days, he said, and then had quit and skedaddled to Acapulco and the Pacific breakers. No, he said, he was not going back to the Conference and he was not going back to Montana. He was going to practise international understanding instead of preaching it. With a wild coyote cry, he charged off across the sands and into the surf-spray, leaving me to a Swedish Unescan who gravely wanted to know my views on fundamental education.

Yet again, during a querulous debate on Section C Roman II little b, I would look up at the harassed face of Julian Huxley on the dais and think of the brief scientific expedition we made together to the State of Oaxaca, 400 miles south. I would think of him clambering with the zest of a schoolboy up the pyramids, shouting to us to share a Miztec stone-carving or a plant-specimen or a bird, and reconstructing for us those early civilisations, which, in the Age of Hiroshima, we still call barbaric. Then I would wonder why anyone like Huxley should exchange the fun of finding out for the thankless, politics-beset job of Director-General.

Indeed, for at least half the time of the Conference, most of us wondered why we were there. Why should anyone like J. B. Priestley, for instance, sacrifice six working weeks at the flood-tide of a creative life (and at considerable loss to the Commissioners of Income Tax) to discussing wearisome administrative details and futilities? Why should delegates be brought together from the ends of the earth to sit around for a fortnight groping for standing orders which any rural district council or the Mothers' Union could have lent Unesco? Why should we have to wrestle with an agenda obviously devised by an expert in "Snakes and Ladders"? And all this at an altitude of 8,000ft., where the thin air was a strain on nerves and tempers.

In the outcome, however, I think the man from Montana was wrong. You cannot turn your back on Unesco, and, by the same token, the Huxleys of this world have no choice. In the end, too, the Conference justified itself, in spite of all its faults and frustrations, and proved that Unesco, as a symbol as well as an organisation, is desperately important. Governments who want to restrict its budget and to keep it strictly intergovernmental even in the supranational realm of ideas, may not think so. But they sent delegates who did; and the fact remains that 35 nations did come together, in a spirit of co-operation and not of conflict, to consider realistically how better to get to know each other.

The tragedy of Unesco is that, so far, the peoples, to whose enlightenment it is dedicated by its charter, have remained singularly unenlightened either about its purpose or its importance. And the Conference itself did not succeed in remedying that. Even in America, with its acres of news-space and its high-pressure promotion of Unesco, there was little mention of the discussions. In this country, no one can be expected to know that it ever took place. In fairness, however, to our newspapers, four-pages and cable-rates of 4½d a word (in hard currency) are a severe test of news-worthiness, and we did little which passed that test.

For one thing, there were no rows, which is a news-standard applied to international conferences these days. There was a mild flurry when Priestley, with personal justification, told an American delegate that it ill became an American to try to teach liberalism to a British delegate. There was an attempt by the Poles to transfer the "warmongering" issue of Lake Success to the Unesco arena. And there was "The Case of the Missing Tapestries." It appears that in the Polish retreat the tapestries of Cracow Castle were removed and finished up in Canada. Now the Polish Government want the Canadian Government to recover them and return them, and Ottawa says it cannot trace them. As the Polish Minister said to me: "The Mounties can always get their man, but they cannot get our tapestries."

The big issue on the American side was the failure of Unesco to do anything constructive about the removal of obstacles to the free flow of information and, on the British side, its failure to capture the public imagination. We argued that there was very little Unesco could do to "remove obstacles" or to implement its long-term programme on illiteracy and scientific and cultural development, until it had popular sanction and could exercise moral pressure on governments and establish its authority (and its budget) through the support of the people. (Imagine Unesco ordering Cripps to remove the 75 per cent. "Hollywood Tax," or applying a cultural blockade against America for the persecution of creative writers and artists by the Parnell Thomas Committee!)

Mr. David Hardman, M.P., who, as Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Education, led the delegation, gave, in his opening speech, the lead which the whole conference followed. He insisted that the Unesco programme should be "streamlined and given wings," that its projects should be practical and likely to command public attention in the coming year, with emphasis on press, films and radio.

Since Unesco in its first year had done precious little, apart from excellent surveys of the needs of war-devastated countries, and its programme was bits and pieces which would need skilled mechanics to assemble it and get it airborne, the so-called "Working Parties" of the Conference had a considerable job. They had to be ruthless in stripping down the programme to utility requirements and in reducing the surveys, conferences, inquiries, etc., on the brutal assumption that they would not be much good if, through lack of support, there was in a year's time no Unesco to implement their laudable findings. Actual projects, like the Haiti "pilot" experiment in fundamental education, the International Theatre Institute, the Hylean Amazon scheme for an international attack on the scientific problems of that vast area involving ten different countries, and, of course, reconstruction of war-devastated areas (for which America has voluntarily subscribed a "Marshall Plan" of 110,000,000 dollars) were endorsed.

In deference to the Americans, 25,000 dollars were allocated for a survey of obstacles to free communications, but the British asked for 500,000 dollars for actual projects in mass-communications, with the proviso that they were to be invested in brains and not sapped by administration. The crux of this proposal was an "International Ideas Bureau," the job of which is to enlist the help of established writers, film directors and radio producers in "putting across" Unesco themes. Priestley argued, rightly, that Unesco's job is to give hope to the peoples of the world who are beginning to lose faith in international co-operation. All over the world things are happening which show that there is a spontaneous internationalism and a desire of men to help each other. The Bureau's job will be to promote these, not as news stories necessarily, but as themes which on their merits can become feature films, radio subjects and magazine and book material. What Unesco needs for this is not a salary list but a few men with ideas who can get around and the provision of facilities for famous "guests," who already command an audience. Unesco is also going ahead with the World University of the Air which, again on its merits and not as a courtesy to Unesco, will "work its passage" on the radio networks of the world. Imagination is what Unesco needs.

Some will feel that the emphasis on mass communications—on "box-office appeal"—at the expense, inevitably, of the higher levels of education, science, philosophy, arts and letters, etc., is "lowering the tone" of Unesco. Few at Mexico City disputed, however, that the approach next year must be direct to the peoples, either in material help through reconstruction or through tangible evidence of practical work, or through the imagination—through emotion as well as reason. After all, Unesco exists to raise standards and promote understanding and human betterment among the 2,000,000,000 peoples. Education, science and culture, and the experts who practise them, are the means to that end. But Unesco belongs to the people and not to the pedants.

RITCHIE CALDER

ATOM-RAID PRECAUTIONS

"In the new scheme of Civil Defence for the atom bomb age . . . fire-fighting services will be purely civilian." Army Order to Local Authorities, Dec. 11.

Civilians! Our national defence
Conducted by one million men in training
Meets every challenge with full confidence
Based on experience of past campaigning;
Our force, alert to hurl back the invader
Is more than adequate against the raider,
But with the advent of push-button war,
If armoured fighting columns in the field,
Plus anti-tank artillery, fail to shield
Civilians from the atom meteor,
When population centres start to burn,
Civilians! You will have to take your turn.

Civilians! When the atom cracks the sky,
All must engage as fire-fighting cordons
(The Army mobile columns standing by)
With duties both of fireguards and wardens.
The instant any atom falls and flashes
You will explore the radio-active ashes
(Each issued with a chisel and a torch)
A.R.P. personnel will not collapse,
Go bald, or bleed, or vomit, like the Japs,
Or faint from flash-burns' superficial scorch,
When sheltering Chiefs of Britain's garrison
The signal send "Civilians! Carry on!"

Civilians! When spires like candles melt,
When rushing darkness rises like a tower,
When whirling sparks and calcined corpses pelt,
And walls and roofs and fission fragments shower,
Remember in that conflagration solar,
Sunstroke is beaten by your battle bowler,
And though the uniform burns off your back
And though your living flesh peels off in shreds,
And one great sea of fire before you spreads,
Immediately after the attack,
Civilians! To instant action jump,
And put the sun out with a stirrup pump!

SAGITTARIUS

A LONDON DIARY

At the end of the war there were three things for which a reasonable man might hope. The first was that the Resistance forces on the Continent, composed of Communists, Socialists and progressive Catholics, who had fought together and suffered together in concentration camps, might maintain their unity. If they split, Europe would be torn asunder by the American-Soviet conflict; the problem of Germany in that case was insoluble; civil war was likely in almost every country and world war would remain a haunting nightmare. The second and connected hope was that America, necessarily moving towards imperialism, would see the economic and political value of long-term investment for constructive purposes. The third hope was the U.S.S.R., devastated by war, would decide that the best Marxist tactic was to continue in time of peace at least that measure of co-operation with the Western world that had been achieved in the war. All these hopes are now shattered. It would be easy, but not useful, to compile a list of the reasons for disappointment. In America "Wallacism" was denounced as starry-eyed nonsense till its restatement by Mr. Marshall in his speech at Harvard. By that time it was hopelessly confused by the Truman Doctrine and the anti-Communist campaign throughout the United States. America would have acquired an Empire and developed an imperialist psychology anyway, but there were, and still are, strong retarding forces in the U.S. Soviet policy, as if deliberately, exacerbated anti-Russian feeling and created in two years a conscious American imperialism that would normally have taken ten years to develop. On the Continent the revolutionary opportunity of 1945 was missed or thwarted; the old Communist-Socialist and Vatican-Moscow battles began again with renewed vigour. In Moscow, by stages that are, in retrospect, fairly easy to recall, the idea of victory through collaboration gave way to the present offensive against America and American influence on all fronts. Of the factors that led Moscow to throw away the greatest chance that any nation ever won for itself probably the most important was the decline in Roosevelt's mental grasp, followed by his death. As one of the most violently anti-Soviet journalists in London remarked to me the other day: "The Russians really believe they were double-crossed after Yalta. They thought that peace was to be kept on a basis of recognising spheres of influence, and that we have gone back on that." The wisest course may now be to return to the Yalta conception and for America and Russia to make a Two-World Agreement to cover all disputed areas. Then, after a period of leaving each other alone, they might again begin conversations without any pretence of a United Nations. We might even get a Truman-Stalin pact as a lesser evil than atomic war.

* * *

Of course, this is no solution for a situation which must end in One World—or no world. The latter seems more likely. I well recall the cold feeling in the pit of my stomach when one night in September, 1945, I heard on the wireless that an atom bomb had been dropped over Hiroshima. I knew just enough to understand what it meant. That ghastly slaughter of 80,000 people was not of special importance; more were killed in a single mass aircraft raid on Tokio. But so far in human history (with the famous exception of the Chinese when they discovered gunpowder) men have never acquired destructive knowledge without developing and using it. To-day we are told that atom bombs are being made many times as powerful as the token affairs dropped on Japan, and that an atomic war would have the effect of releasing so much radio-activity that little of the human race would survive. The experts add that bacteriological warfare would be even more effective, since it would end plant and animal life and reduce the earth to a single Sahara desert. Bertrand Russell, who has the courage to be outspoken on this matter, wants to get to One World by uniting the comparatively "good" nations and then compelling the others to come into a world federation by threatening them with atom bombs. A logical solution, the difficulty of which is that the Soviet half of the world (which is to be compelled on Lord Russell's recipe) thinks itself the good half, and believes its economic and social system has survival value while the capitalist half will collapse by its own internal contradictions. Russia is the one country that really believes in One World—and is prepared to go through with war and revolution to get the kind of One World she postulates. As I see no way out of this dilemma, I'd like to see a sphere of interest agreement. The two systems would then compete. I would not be confident that war would be permanently avoided, but the rulers of both halves of the world might hesitate to begin a war which, for the first time in history, would certainly end in mutual and probably final destruction. As the Communist Manifesto of 1848 reminds us, the end of class-war—the "last fight" of which Communists sing—might be not the victory of the oppressed over the oppressors but the "total destruction of the contending classes." This passage may not be forgotten in Moscow.

* * *

The struggle in Asia is different from that in Europe. Chinese Communism is not so dependent on Moscow as European Communism, and the corruption of the Kuomintang so bottomless that Washington cannot make up its mind to give it anything but fluctuating aid. Japan is being trained for America's ally, rather than China, with the result that the Kuomintang, which is losing ground all the time to the Communists, is becoming hostile to the United States. At the same time it outrages by its repressive methods those liberal Americans who used to be its warmest supporters. The Democratic League, which represents the sane reforming element in China, is outlawed; some of its leaders have been killed and others have escaped to Hongkong. The latest incident is the police murder of a student because he was a secretary of an organisation that opposed Chiang Kai-shek. It is good to hear that the President of the University refused to connive at the police pretence of suicide and that protests have come from the leading Chinese Universities.

* * *

The Harcourt Room in the House of Commons was the scene of a pleasing little ceremony last week. After the Royal Assent had been given to the Burma Independence Bill Lord Pethick-Lawrence, supported by M.P.s of both the main political parties, congratulated the High Commissioner for Burma on a settlement by which Burma becomes an independent nation, without a struggle and with the goodwill of Britain herself. A number of autographed books by well-known British authors were then presented as a token gift, an instalment of the much larger collection of British books that will be collected for the new Burmese Library in Rangoon. Authors who had given their own books included J. B. Priestley, H. J. Laski, G. D. H. Cole, R. H. Tawney, Raymond Mortimer, V. S. Pritchett, and Tom Wintringham. Bernard Shaw had sent *Back to Methuselah* with a personal inscription to Thakin Nu, the Burmese Premier. Some people may be surprised to know that in his inscription G. B. S. describes *Back to Methuselah* as his *chef d'œuvre*. I hope to be able personally to give this present to Thakin Nu in Rangoon on January 4th, when the Burmese celebrate their independence.

* * *

The lengthy attacks on Herbert Morrison's Saturday night broadcast, which have been appearing in the Tory press, are the best tribute to its quality. The Lord President, in making a real fireside chat, gave the fire a good poke, to the delight of his supporters and the irritation of his opponents. Judged purely as a broadcast, I rate it as the best performance by any Labour leader, and I do not forget the Prime Minister's election speech. But Clem Attlee scored chiefly owing to the contrast between his matter-of-fact simplicity and Churchill's well-rehearsed rhetorical flourishes. Last Saturday Herbert Morrison succeeded on his own merits. Here at last, I felt, was a Socialist Minister, not talking down to me or orating over my head or sermonising non-politically, but discussing politics in a way we could all understand. He was not ashamed to be a party politician, and to score points against the Tories. But he also talked about the troubles of ordinary men and women—and their achievements as well. Of one thing I am sure: this time he did not rely on an official brief or try to re-hash a Parliamentary success. Instead, he did what is almost unique among politicians: he composed a broadcast—and he rehearsed it before delivery. I hope that other speakers in the series will learn from his example.

* * *

Rats!
They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles.

Well, the rat plague in our village is not quite so bad as it was in Hamelin, but it is reliably reported that one walked downstairs last week and took food off Mr. Robinson's table and it is certain that Mr. Brown has rat fever from a bad bite in the hand. Perhaps he was asking for it; he was out ferreting and put his hand into the hole to catch a rabbit and was himself caught by a rat. My own troubles are with apples and jam. The number of good apples a rat can nibble in a shed during a single night cannot be computed, and their ingenuity in upsetting jam jars and knocking off the tops confirms stories I read in childhood but never really believed. These personal losses are more effective in convincing me of the rat menace than yards of statistics I've seen about the cost of rats to farmers and to the community generally. I know we have skilled rat-catchers employed by our councils, but would it not be economic and sensible to employ a few scientists who have learnt ingenuity during the war seeking a plan of combined operations to exterminate the rat population? I cannot believe it would be too difficult for them and, other things apart, I should like to ensure the falsity of the disagreeable suggestion that if mankind commits suicide it is the race of rats that would succeed to our inheritance as lords of creation.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of those printed.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Mr. Kerr said he thought the reason the industrial workers had not yet realised the Government was inefficient and had failed them, was because it had given full employment and high wages.—*Cambridge Daily News*. (B. H. Briggs, Cambridge.)

St. Austell (Cornwall) branch of the Amalgamated Engineering Union yesterday denied that its officials and members had victimised a non-union man by putting paraffin oil and salts in his tea.—*Daily Mirror*. (Mrs. Thora Craig, London, W.C.1.)

A Leeds detective who suspected a man "because he smelt strongly of meat," was to-day commended by the Stipendiary Magistrate, Mr. Ronald Sykes.—*Yorkshire Evening News*. (C. F. Addlisee, Cleckheaton.)

According to Mrs. Saunby, the name was not chosen because the baby bore any resemblance to Mr. Churchill, but partly because it had acquired the habit of holding up two fingers of one hand as if making the famous "V" sign. "After holding up his two fingers," says Mrs. Saunby, "Young Winston usually puts them into his mouth."—*Yorkshire Post*. (Frank Artley, Redcar.)

THE LAW AND FASCISM—II.

If Fascist disorders continue, as I fear they are likely to do, there is one branch of the law relating to breaches of the peace which might well be amended, particularly in the light of the Home Office view that the Home Secretary has no power to prohibit anyone in advance from attempting to hold a meeting—not even Mosley in Hackney. Admittedly the amendment I have in mind is not without some danger that in the event of a change of government it might be used by a reactionary Executive as a weapon against the Left. The problem is to balance that risk against the threat of increase in Fascist strength. I think we are approaching a situation in which that risk will have to be taken.

Under the Public Order Act of 1936 the police authorities are given statutory powers to preserve public order on the occasion of public processions. Why not give them similar carefully safeguarded powers as to public meetings? At present, if at any time the chief officer of police is of the opinion that, by reason of particular circumstances existing in any borough or urban district, the powers conferred on him by the Public Order Act to control processions will not be sufficient to enable him to prevent serious public disorder being occasioned by the holding of public processions in that borough or district, he may apply to the council of the borough or district for an order prohibiting, for a period not exceeding three months, the holding of all, or a specified class, of public processions in that borough or district. On receipt of the application the council may, with the consent of the Secretary of State, make an order either in the terms of the application or with such modifications as may be approved by the Secretary of State.

The Commissioner of the City of London police and the Commissioner of the Metropolitan police have, in their areas, the powers which were conferred on councils of boroughs or urban districts to prohibit processions. If Fascist disorder continues, is it not desirable to give councils and, in London, the Police Commissioners, the power, subject to the checks contained in the provisions of the 1936 Act as to processions, to prohibit Mosley meetings at places where such meetings would be likely to provoke disorder? The Fascists, of course, go deliberately to the areas where their views are likely to arouse most resentment. In many cases they can only conduct their meetings because a posse of police protects them. If Fascists were only allowed to hold their meetings in places where there was not a strong Jewish element, their growth might well be impeded.

Even under existing law, it would appear, on the authority of *Duncan v. Jones*, that the police would, in the exercise of their common law duty to prevent a potential breach of the peace, be entitled to prevent a Fascist meeting in a Jewish area from being continued. The alternative of turning out a powerful body of policemen from an undermanned police force to form a *cordon sanitaire* around Fascist speakers in such an area, to enable them to continue their meeting, is one that can only give aid and comfort to Fascism. At present, even if the police decided to close a Fascist meeting, the occasion would be bound to cause disorder. Crowds would assemble, tempers would be raised, and dozens of policemen, who could more profitably be engaged in other duties, particularly those of crime prevention, would have to be diverted. Would it not be more in the interests of public order and good governance that such Fascist meetings should be banned in advance?

There is one branch of existing law—that relating to threatening, abusive or insulting words or behaviour—which might well be used with greater energy against Fascist breakers of the peace. One does not discern the same energy in using this arm of the law against Fascists as was the case during the periods of mass unemployment between the two wars, when it was used as an ever-ready weapon against the Left. The Public Order Act of 1936 considerably strengthened this part of the law. Section 5 provided that "any person who in any public place or at any public meeting uses threatening, abusive or insulting words or behaviour with intent to provoke a breach of the peace, or whereby a breach of the peace is likely to be occasioned, shall be guilty of an offence" (punishable by imprisonment up to three months or a fine up to £50, or both). Mr. Hamm was bound over this year after conviction of an offence under this section. No particular intention need be proved under this section. All that must be established is that the words or behaviour are likely to occasion a breach of the peace.

Before the war charges of riot and unlawful assembly were brought from time to time, principally against those who sought to break up Mosley's meetings. In one case 39 miners (and the wives of some of them), from Tonypandy, were tried on these charges and several were imprisoned. An unlawful assembly is an assembly of three or more persons with intent either to commit a crime by open force or to carry out any common purpose, lawful or unlawful, "in such a manner as to give firm and courageous persons in the neighbourhood of such assembly reasonable grounds to apprehend a breach of the peace in consequence of it."

The present technique of Fascist speakers is to keep just within the somewhat vague borders of existing law and to provoke those who oppose them to breaches of the peace, thus to some extent using the law to protect themselves from opposition. On occasions they have even invoked the protection of the Public Meetings Act of 1908, as amended by Section 6 of the Public Order Act of 1936, and have asked the police to take the names and addresses of hecklers at their meetings.

This branch of the law has given rise to some controversy. By the Public Meetings Act, 1908, any person who, at a lawful public meeting, acts in a disorderly manner for the purpose of preventing the transaction of the business for which the meeting was called together, is guilty of an offence. The time-honoured practice of heckling at political meetings is not within the purview of the Act, nor is any offence committed by members of the audience who indulge in legitimate expressions of opinion as a result of the manner in which facts are presented by the speaker.

The 1908 Act was amended by the Public Order Act of 1936. Now, when a person acts at a lawful public meeting in a disorderly manner for the purpose of preventing the transaction of the business for which the meeting was called together, then if any policeman reasonably suspects any person of committing such offence, "he may, if requested to do so by the chairman of the meeting, require that person to declare to him immediately his name and address." There is nothing in the Act to oblige a policeman to transmit that name and address to the chairman. Nor can it be in the interests of democracy that the police should become the agents of Fascist chairmen. If the offence in question is deserving of punishment as criminal, then the public interest is best served if the police—and not the Fascists—take the responsibility for prosecution. The Fascists are quick to exploit the law to their advantage.

I have emphasised that the problem of resisting Fascist activity by legal proceedings is partly administrative and partly legislative. However complete and all-embracing legislation might be, unless the provisions of the law are energetically enforced by administrative and police action, and unless courts and juries are prepared to apply the law when breaches of it are brought before them, then Acts of Parliament serve little purpose.

There is growing support in the House of Commons for a frontal legislative attack on Fascist activities and organisations. One proposal is that a Bill should be introduced to make criminal, *inter alia,* (1) the propagation, support or encouragement of Fascist doctrine or activity in any part of the world, (2) propagating, inciting or procuring hatred, hostility, violence or discrimination against any racial group, or against any persons as members or supposed members of such a group. "Fascist" is not defined in this draft, but it states that "Fascist," in relation to any doctrine or activity, shall include any doctrine or activity held, advocated or practised by Fascist organisations named in the Schedule. It recommends that Fascist bodies should be declared unlawful associations and be prohibited from carrying on any activities.

Another draft Bill which has some support in the House does not specify the Fascists in terms. Instead it seeks to define Fascism and states, *inter alia,* that "(1) If any person by any means advocates, supports or encourages any system of government other than government by discussion, or such as would subtract from the established civil and democratic liberties of the people, he shall be guilty of an offence under this Act, and, in particular, without prejudice to the general application of this provision, he shall be guilty of such an offence if he:

"(a) In any way advocates, incites or procures hatred, hostility, violence or discrimination against any racial group or against any persons as members of such group, or

"(b) Prints, publishes or distributes or takes any part in printing, publishing or distributing any printed or written matter, the distribution whereof would constitute an offence under this sub-section, or

"(c) Is a member or adherent of any body which falls within Section 2 of this Act.

"(2) Any body, whether incorporated or not, which does any of the acts mentioned in paragraphs (a), (b) or (c) of Section 1 of this Act, or which has as its objects or part of its objects the doing of any such acts, shall be an unlawful association, and as such shall be prohibited from carrying on any activities of any kind."

The task of drafting a Bill to outlaw Fascist activities is clearly not beyond the capacity of a parliamentary draftsman, even though the two drafts I have mentioned are open to criticism.

To what extent the introduction of such a Bill would win the support of the House of Commons and of the country at this stage is another matter. My personal inclination would be to confine any further new legislation that may be necessary to making the advocacy, incitement or procurement of hatred or violence against any racial group a criminal offence. This would not end anti-Semitism, which at the moment is the most prevalent manifestation of racial hatred, any more than the Larceny Act ended stealing. But in such a law-abiding community as ours it would have the effect of discouraging the fomenting of anti-Semitism and of rallying the people to outlaw those who foment it. If we deprive the Fascists of their freedom to incite racial hatred, we shall be taking from them their most dangerous weapon. As Gottfried Feder said, "anti-Semitism is the emotional foundation of Nazism." The alternative, easy tolerance of dissemination of racial hatred, is perilous. For the road from Dalston leads straight back to the Golgotha of Auschwitz, Belsen and Buchenwald.

F. Elwyn Jones

STANLEY BALDWIN

Trying to understand the England of the nineteen-thirties I can find no clue so direct or so illuminating as the remarkable success of Stanley Baldwin. This was not the neo-Georgian era, or the period of Freud, Einstein, the Left Book Club, Mickey Mouse or Greta Garbo, but the period of Stanley Baldwin. Perhaps the wisest act of his life was to retire just when he did—immediately after the Coronation and the Imperial Conference. In the Coronation Ceremony itself, a feudal and religious ceremony in which no statesman, however distinguished, could compete with the Bishops, the soldiers and the Peers of the Realm, Mr. Baldwin, ostensibly merely one of six equal Empire Premiers, was yet to the discerning eye the central figure. Had it not been for the

Premier, another king would have been crowned—and perhaps another queen. But in that case, would the crowds have cheered? No one openly acclaimed Mr. Baldwin as king-maker, but many whispered that he had saved the British monarchy.

It is wise to retire at the height of one's success, but it needs an unusual detachment to recognise the moment and an uncommon resolution to seize it. Very few successful politicians avoid the mistake of excessive political longevity; they all talk of making way for the younger generation, and then, like Mr. Gladstone, stand immovably in the doorway.

Mr. Baldwin owed his success partly to luck, partly to character, and, even more than these, to the perfection with which he fitted the requirements of the British ruling class at the period of his emergence. He slipped into the Premiership because Lord Curzon was a member of the House of Lords, and because he had made a prominent place for himself so recently—he was almost unknown a year before he became Premier—that he had not yet had time to make anyone jealous of him. He was out for leadership of the Conservative Party. A Conservative party does best when it is led by a man of common sense, of mediocre intellectual ability with a clear grasp of the eternal commonplaces and an exceptional shrewdness in the management of men and the appeasement of faction. Mr. Baldwin had these qualities. Solid, easy-going, uninterested in reading a document and apparently incapable of taking trouble about anything, he yet ruled because he divided the Party least, and because, after Mr. Lloyd George's wizardry, a reputation for simplicity and honesty was worth millions of votes. The simplicity, however, was a delusion—we need not start an argument about the meaning of honesty. A remarkable combination was here—a shrewd business man trusted by bankers and coal-owners and a sentimental orator who loved the decaying countryside of England, the small-scale industry of a past generation and who never forgot that he was a relative of Kipling and Burne-Jones. Mr. Lloyd George himself was not a more subtle blend of incompatibilities. In practice, Mr. Baldwin exactly suited the role assigned to him, because his speeches, with their vaguely poetic flavour and their literary allusions, were nicely calculated to soothe the conscience and distract attention from actions which, under another Prime Minister, might have been attributed to hard-faced business men.

It was this commonplace expression of principles that have more usually been the prerogative of Liberalism that made Mr. Baldwin so peculiarly suitable as leader of the Conservative Party in the post-war era. The swashbuckling age of Imperialism when Britain had acquired so much of the world and fought wars for its minerals, its markets and its domination, had passed. British capitalists wanted nothing more than the *status quo* and were quite willing to make concessions to Labour provided always that they were secured against the rising tide of Socialism. A Churchill would have fought the Russians, until it was time once more to fear the Germans, and split the Conservative ranks from end to end by a logical imperialism in India. Under Mr. Baldwin the repressive rule of ordinances in India went on just the same, but few people in England knew anything about it, and their attention was distracted by an Act of Parliament, giving the Indians not, it is true, what most of them asked for, but at least a Constitution which looked liberal and which was offered with many conciliatory gestures. A Neville Chamberlain at the head of the Conservative Party during these crucial years would have created most intense animosity by a certain blunt aridity of statesmanship, a Birmingham manner in dealing with the excessive demands of the unemployed and the alarming proposals of people who were not content, as the saner elements were, to let private enterprise build houses for the middle-class, but also insisted on wasteful subsidies to rehouse the slum dweller. Under Mr. Baldwin the policy actually pursued was not perhaps very different from that favoured by Mr. Chamberlain, but with Mr. Baldwin as Premier it was much more difficult to attack. The more progressive Conservatives found their views about Empire, about co-partnership and peace in industry admirably phrased by Mr. Baldwin, even though little was done actually to upset the more discerning of the Die-hards; more important still, the great mass of the Liberal electorate, which feared Socialism but which had always stood proudly for peace, progress and reform, found in Mr. Baldwin's speeches nothing to prevent their voting for the Party which they would have fiercely attacked had its leader been a haughty aristocrat or an ordinary business executive turned politician. Mr. Baldwin acted like a Conservative, spoke like a Liberal and was always, in words and actions, a remarkable representative of the great British middle-class.

Mr. Baldwin was not a great orator, but he was most persuasive. When he spoke there was scarcely a sentence that rose above the commonplace; not a memorable phrase, brilliant passage or original idea. There was no occasion; only a conversation, a statement that helped people to make up their minds. For the art of politics it is much more important to be persuasive than brilliant; "weight" is more valuable than intellect. And weight arises from an instinctive appreciation, not of the thoughts of the audience, but of its feelings. He had the capacity of entering its mood and soothing its conscience; it responded by declaring that here at any rate is a man to be trusted. It is the difference between the art of the dramatist and entertainer and the art of the leader and statesman.

This capacity for enshrining a philosophy of goodwill between classes and nations in sentences which are individually commonplace, but which, when strung together, inspire confidence, was frequently useful to Mr. Baldwin and his party during the last fourteen years. He displayed this gift pre-eminently in 1926 after the General Strike, when the most famous of all his "peace in industry" speeches was the precursor of the Trade Disputes Act, which, in its original conception, amounted to a declaration of war on the working classes of the country, and which, in its final form, was nicely designed to weaken their power. Vague idealism was the core of Mr. Baldwin's great public utterances. I defy anyone to study his farewell appeal to Youth and to assign to it any concrete significance. Youth was to do something and democracy was to be saved. Perhaps it is scarcely fair to ask the preacher of so good a sermon to say what youth is to do and of what the democracy consists. The task of definition would be fatal.

The value of such speeches, beautifully phrased and uttered by a fine mellow voice, was not that they led to action of any kind; they eased the social atmosphere.

Shortly before Mr. Baldwin's retirement I heard him make a very characteristic speech. It was at a vast dinner, given by the Federation of British Industries to about a thousand guests. The speech began with a pleasant touch about "growing old peacefully" and then, in a voice full of feeling and obviously sincere, it went on to warn us of the dangers of excessive speed in our generation and of the loss of values involved in mechanisation. "Fifty years ago," he said, "one never heard of a nervous breakdown. Now. . ." He drew the contrast between the tranquil old-world life of the countryside when work was done at a pace natural to man, and the terrible results of a civilisation of mechanical speed, driving every worker ruthlessly, regardless of the strain on muscle and brain. His real philosophy this, humane, sensible, kindly, the outlook of a genial country gentleman, not of Kipling and not of the Federation of British Industries. I looked round me; there they sat, these prosperous manufacturers in their white waistcoats, with their ties just the least off the straight after an excellent dinner served with excellent wine, applauding, delighted to pay tribute to the Prime Minister, and more happily and seriously agreeing that life was much too strenuous, too exhausting, too certain, sooner or later, to bring them all to nervous breakdowns. I doubt if any of them got as far as thinking of conveyor belts or driving motor buses. Mr. Baldwin had not referred to them or anything else specifically. That would have jarred, like a mention of wages during a Sunday sermon. Indeed, the comparison is apt. One could safely applaud sentiments so remote from the actualities, just as one could go to church on Sunday and feel better for listening to words that can be forgotten on Monday. What is there in common between Mary Webb and the job of making as much money as quickly as possible out of rearmament? This was always the anomaly and the utility of Mr. Baldwin—to love the beauty of the Worcestershire countryside and the values of a passing age, while cheered to the echo as leader of a Party dominated by men whose function it was to sweep away all that he himself would like to stand for.

Kingsley Martin

REFLECTIONS ON A VISIT TO GOA

Four hundred and thirty seven years have passed since eight leading citizens presented to Albuquerque on their knees the keys of the gates of Old Goa. Quickly, passionately, this little patch of India became a lotus-eating land of fabulous wealth, of cathedrals and chapels, of churches and convents, of palaces and arsenals and prisons, and almost as quickly it became what it is to-day—a land of ruins, apathy and indolence. By the middle of the 17th century luxury and the plague and the Dutch privateers had crippled its commerce. A hundred years later the Viceroy came to live at Panjim, or New Goa, at the mouth of the Mandavi, and Old Goa, six miles up the river, was abandoned to palm groves and tamarind trees.

Panjim is a strange town of wide streets and white Mediterranean houses shimmering in the hot moist air. There are churches, seminaries and schools, a fine hospital, but no hotel, and only two restaurants—one run by an Italian prisoner-of-war who escaped from a camp in India, the other by a Polish Jew who fought under Wavell in Libya. The river front is used by the citizens as a lavatory—an old custom that can be witnessed by the early morning traveller in any part of India where a stretch of water lies near a village. A packet-steamer calls three times a week from Bombay, and the harbour is often busy with Arab dhows trading in coconuts and cinnamon. But, apart from the men on the paddy fields and in the shops, the Goan, like the Irishman of a hundred years ago, has to seek his livelihood outside his own country. At home there is no scope for ambition. The priesthood alone is open, but Goa is black with priests.

There is no freedom of speech, and the people's share in the government of their country is negligible. Two representatives for the whole of Portuguese India are elected to the Parliament in Lisbon every four years, and in Goa all authority is vested in a Council of five elected members and eight nominees of the Lisbon Government presided over by a Governor. Ferreira Bossa, late Minister of Colonies, is, I was told by the Portuguese, an able administrator, a fit successor to the great viceroys of the past, and by the Goans I was told, in a whisper with a quick look over the shoulder, an autocrat, a lazy vain man who has little love for Goa. But amid the whisperings and the side glances there were one or two bold voices. The *Heraldo* had just been banned for two years for criticizing the Governor's Budget Speech to his Council, and its editor, Captain Antonio Maria da Cunha, a retired Army doctor, was to face a court martial, while its sub-editor, Alvaro de Santa Rita Vaz, was to be tried in a civil court. The latter, a little fat man, trembled with indignation as he told me of the suppression of his paper and of his coming trial. He had just returned from Belgaum, the nearest town in British India, where he had gone to send a telegram to one of the two representatives in Lisbon who apparently is a friend of Salazar. He could not send it from Goa. But although the people have little love for the Portuguese, they know that without them they would be drawn into a Hindu India. This is one of Nehru's Pan-Indian aspirations, and the Portuguese, no less than the Catholic Goans, view our quittance of India with dismay.

The most industrious people in Goa to-day are seventy-two German sailors. On a moonlit night in March 1943 a sloop of the Royal Indian Navy stole into Portuguese territorial waters, into Marmugoa harbour, and came alongside one of three German merchant ships that had taken refuge there at the beginning of the war. The boarding party lost their heads, began firing wildly and shot down eight unarmed German sailors. In the bustle the crews opened the scuttles, and the three ships sank in the harbour mouth. The Portuguese arrested the Germans and confined them for a while in an old fortress across the bay. Every one is still a rabid Nazi. I spent many hours trying to understand why they clung to their philosophy, and trying to help them to understand mine. They smiled at the stories of the concentration camps, dismissing them as clumsy British propaganda. They were terribly bitter about the Nuremberg trials—especially our treatment of their Generals, and more than one had taken a vow to seek out and kill the American radio commentator who had daily scoffed so slightingly and so contemptuously at the defendants. They were eager to hear all I could tell them of Churchill, holding him and Hitler the two greatest men of the age, protesting again and again that, if only these two had joined hands, *we* would not now be leaving India, there would be no Jews to trouble us in Palestine, the Americans would know their place, and that Communism would be rooted out from the earth. But, alas, that golden opportunity would never come again, because now they hate the Russians a little *less* than they hate the Americans and the British! Being sailors many of them come from Hamburg and Bremen, and the letters they receive from their folks at home make one wonder what the British censors cut out when they leave such wild distortions in to madden the brains of these young exiles who must one day return to their country and have a voice in its future. (The letters that come from the Russian zone tell a very different story). It was a sad and terrible thing to see such splendid fellows so misguided, so bitter and so full of hatred. I was surprised to hear them spoken so highly of by the Portuguese and Goans. Foreigners who have outstayed their welcome are seldom popular in any country, but the Goans are easy-going people. They say these Germans have fish blood in their veins, so cold and aloof is their behaviour towards the native women. The Germans for their part speak of the Goans, even in their company, with the deepest contempt. But so benumbed has the poor Goan become that even the black negro troops from Mozambique seem to treat him with a lofty tolerance, with much the same kind of amused condescension which our own sepoys bestowed upon the peoples of Burma and Siam in the months following the war.

Why should this people—all with high-sounding Portuguese names, many with the blood of the old conquistadores running in their veins—why should this once proud people be so *spent* to-day? The truth is that the West mingled too freely with the East. In three generations the old stock had lost its vitality in the new lands. By the end of the 16th century that strange Indian city was famed for the beauty of its half-caste women. Our strength in India was that we did not make India our home, that we held aloof from the people of India. Our day has drawn to an end, and we depart much the same people as the plain merchants of three hundred years ago who were destined to be the founders of British India. But the descendants of Albuquerque's soldiery in Goa to-day show little of the spirit of the old romantics, the crusaders, the paladins of the Lusiads, the intrepid navigators who discovered the sea route to Asia, who built fortresses from the Persian Gulf to the Straits of Malacca and beyond. ARTHUR RICHARD FREWEN

THE INDIAN EXHIBITION

FOUR thousand years of Indian art—who, even with the aid of the astonishing exhibition which the Royal Academy has fathered, can grasp it in all its diversity? I came away from Burlington House asking myself the question that always recurs when one thinks of any aspect of Indian life: Is there running through it a vein of identity and unity? In the villages, with their everlasting crafts and their undying folklore, assuredly there is. I have seen in a village near Santiniketan in Bengal a child's toy, roughly made of pottery, which exactly repeated the Mother-Goddess whom the men of the Indus Valley worshipped in some fertility cult long before 2500 B.C. But if a too ingenious critic of the arts were to tell me that there is anything in common between the exquisite seals of that elaborate prehistoric civilisation and the miniature paintings of the Moghul court, I should be slow to believe him. The villages lived on unchanged, while rajahs and nawabs and the priests of three violently opposed religions struggled for the right to draw a tribute from the peasants' toil. But it is the vision and the creeds of these changing rulers that Indian art reflects: the artists were their servants.

The last of the foreign conquerors, our influence in this long development has been of the slightest. Is it characteristic of our relationship with the mind of India that it is only to-day, after we have brought our rule to an end, that it has occurred to us to get together a comprehensive exhibition of Indian art? The fact is curious, though the reproach it suggests may not be altogether just. We had our collections at the British Museum and South Kensington. It is, moreover, only in the last generation that much of these amazing riches have been dug up by the archaeologists from Taxila and Mohenjo-daro. Finally, while we owe an immense debt to all who got this exhibition together, the decisive evidence that India did evolve a great art cannot be transferred to London. One cannot tear the lovely frescoes from the caves of Ajanta, nor the statues cut from the cliffs of Ellora. The grandeur of Muslim art is not to be found in these portable paintings, but in the mosques and tombs and palaces round Delhi and Agra.

From the exhibits of the Buddhist period there stands out for me something novel and unexpected. I think the historians have misled us by exaggerating the influence of Greek penetration upon Indian technique. Certainly over a limited region and for a brief epoch it worked, and there are here abundant and deeply interesting evidences of it, above all in some of the portrait heads in the Small South Room, which one might mistake for Hellenistic statuary. The beauty of this quasi-Greek phase of Indian art is so arresting, and yet so familiar in its sense of the anatomy and the individuality of the human subject, that one may dwell unduly on it. But if more had survived from the earlier centuries this foreign element might seem less important. When one has grasped, from the dancing girl and the male torso of Harappa, what the prehistoric Indian artist could achieve in rendering the naked human body (Nos. 6, 7) one asks whether his descendants can have had much to learn from the Greeks. Is there in the whole of this immense collection anything more perfect in conception and execution than the bull capital of polished sandstone in the Central Hall? And yet it dates probably from Asoka's reign and certainly from the pre-Greek period. Again there are statues of women, several from Patna and some of a later date from Mathura (e.g., 89, "girl carrying bird cage") together with a lovely little female bust (181) in a style of homely realism that certainly is not Greek. This is true even of the *Yakshis* (e.g., 31 and 84), for about these one must remember that though they were supernatural beings, they were guardians of the threshold and the home. Indian also in feeling is the beautiful composition called "A Musical Entertainment" (No. 78). Nor can I feel Greek influence in the two outstandingly noble Buddhas in this collection (209 and 217). Wholly Indian is the effortless serenity of his triumph over life and death and time. But lest I should seem ungrateful for the gift Greece gave to India, I would mention with delight the moving and beautiful panel which shows the disciples mourning for the master they have lost (98).

For me, and, I suppose, for most of us, the difficult and uncongenial phases of Indian art are those inspired by Hindu theology. In this Hindu world there is so little sense for form and proportion. Even such a famous temple as that of Belur disappoints, if one views it as a structural whole: but can one sufficiently praise the opulent detail of its sculptured friezes of beasts and dancers, sometimes humorous and always spirited and alive? One learns with difficulty, if at all, to accept the obtrusive symbolism of these gods with many arms or with animal heads. Intellectually we can grasp it, but æsthetically it repels. So, too, does the masochism of certain cults. Watching the votaries of Kali (or Durga) once at Benares, I wished (though I am a rationalist, with no leanings to Rome) that I could have given them, to replace her cruel image, the crudest of painted Madonnas, with its suggestion of mother-love. I got the key to this difficult and unfamiliar art only when I realised that the dance was for the Hindu sculptor what the gymnasium and the wrestling school were for the Greek. Always these gods are dancing, even when they stand still. They convey their meaning and message to mankind not through their set and expressionless faces, but through their vocal hands. They speak (as Ram Gopal is doing on the London stage today) through their eloquent arms and talking fingers. One must not think of these statues of the dancing Siva, which dominate Room VI as skilfully manipulated bronze; they are the god himself, who keeps creation moving and alive, as he swirls with his symbols in his many hands. This is a masterly ritual before it is a work of art. Sometimes, in treating a familiar theme, the artist breaks away and asserts his originality, as in the remarkable "Siva dancing on five heads," which contrasts so sharply with other figures of the same date beside it (250). No one, who has once seen it, will ever forget the powerful "head of a horse" (276) from Orissa in sandstone. Much of this Hindu sculpture is strong and able work, but too easily it degenerates, when it turns to groups or panels, into crowded masses of over-elaborated detail.

The superb collection of paintings of the Moghul, Rajput, Deccan and Kangra schools, drawn with lavish generosity from all the world's galleries, needs neither critic nor commentary. None of it is difficult to grasp and most of it is as urbane and accomplished as it is interesting. These artists were professionals and many of them sign their work. One appreciates at once in the best of these miniature pieces the economical drawing, the happy and glowing colour, the skilful use of space. But I confess that for me it was the historical interest that predominated. Here is high life in Agra and Delhi—with hardly a sidelong glance, alas, at the doings of the masses. We are soon familiar with the daily existence of each of the Moghul emperors—how he sat in state; how he smoked and drank; how he played with his children and his ladies; how he hunted; how he chose a horse. We catch a glimpse of the Jesuits at the tolerant court of Akbar. One singular painting (968) illustrates Jehangir's wars with a detested Abyssinian general, and is something between a political cartoon and a magical incantation. Here are convincing portraits of Rajput nobles, and occasionally of smaller folk, an Armenian merchant, or a court poet. Here, too, are Indian beasts and birds. Even more lovely than the paintings themselves are the floral decorative borders.

This is skilful and pleasant art, but it is limited and small. It opens up no vistas either on nature or the life of man. Its landscapes are only incidental to the central reality of palace life. The exceptions are the work of the Hindu Kangra school. Their treatment of the Krishna myth is free and unconventional, and some of them show a startling sense for the emotional significance of landscape (Room VIII). In the ablest of these paintings it is obvious that the chief interest of the artist lay in his treatment of the sky and his suggestion of a threatening storm. This school, in a propitious social environment, might have evolved a bigger and more independent art. But about this time Clive arrived.

Though I have left myself only a sentence in which to say it, I must voice the delight, unlearned though I am in such things, that the carpets, glass and textiles gave me.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

The Arts and Entertainment

THE SURVIVING PAST

IF the gramophone had been invented 100 years earlier, its historical importance would be clear enough: pianists could model their Beethoven and Chopin styles on those of the composers themselves, singers study the performances of Lablache and Jenny Lind, violinists decide just how much there really was in the Paganini legend. Another 100 years, and we could listen to Bach improvising at his organ, or Farinelli bewildering European society with the power and pathos of his male soprano. Innumerable problems of scholarship would be cleared up for ever.

But the gramophone is only about 50 years old, and in consequence not one musician in a hundred gives a thought to its value as a preservative. Every year, for example, records of Strauss and Elgar conducting their own music vanish from the catalogues simply because they are superseded by new and technically superior versions; which is all quite natural and proper, but surely someone, somewhere, ought to be making sure that the composers' own readings and tempos are not lost to the world for ever? I cannot recall a single pronouncement on this subject from any eminent musician, a single demand for the formation of a national library, even a passing expression of anxiety about the periodical and often arbitrary destruction of matrices. For years the gramophone was regarded by all serious musicians as a toy; it was the amateurs, like Mr. Compton Mackenzie, who first grasped the importance of its primary role as a disseminator of musical experience; and now it is the amateurs again who have perceived—and none too soon—its historical significance. The appearance, under the imprint of a leading London publisher, of a handsome new edition of Bauer's standard catalogue* marks an important stage in the curious international hobby of record-collecting; twenty years ago such an event would have been unthinkable.

The new Bauer runs to nearly 500 pages, and aims at including every "lateral-cut" disc (the normal type) of any conceivable interest published during the gramophone's first decade; the author promises later volumes to cover cylinders, "vertical-cut" discs, and the remainder of the "pre-electric" period (i.e., up to 1925). What strikes us at once as we turn these pages is that almost the whole volume is given up to vocal records, mostly operatic arias, by the representative singers of the period. This, indeed, was one of the principal reasons why serious musicians used to treat the infant gramophone so disdainfully: they could not forgive its "prima donna complex." But the manufacturers were wiser than they knew in largely confining their artistic efforts to the vocal field. Whereas the primitive recording horn could make nothing of a symphony orchestra, and precious little of a violin or a piano, it often succeeded, even at the beginning of the century, in catching with remarkable fidelity and power the tone of the singing voice—even so large a voice as Caruso's. What could not have been foreseen was that the decline in vocal standards, then already perceptible, would proceed at so alarming a rate as to lend a continually increasing practical importance to these survivals from the past. Only an ass would maintain that all "Bauer" singers are sheep and all our contemporaries goats; indeed that is just the kind of sweeping generalisation which these old records allow us to check. Nevertheless, the evidence of decline is, over and over again, so clearly marked as to amount to a demonstration in terms of measurable fact. Consider, for example, the notorious vice of "wobble." Wobblers there have always been, even among the most famous, as readers soon discover who look into such 19th-century critics as Chorley. But round about 1906 there were scores of singers, some of them no longer young (and age is a great developer of wobble), whose records are to all intents and purposes free from this disgusting habit: among them, to mention sopranos alone, Calvé, Melba, Eames, Sembrich, Litvinne and Lilli Lehmann. In the records of each of these singers (though of course in varying degrees) one finds the further virtues of smooth technique, a beautiful and strongly individual tone-quality and an authoritative style. Where is one to begin if one wishes to compile a parallel contemporary list? Is it not evident, as Reynaldo Hahn argued persuasively in one of the essays of his *Thèmes Variés,* that young singers of to-day ought to study with the utmost assiduity these surviving specimens of the grand manner? It is a typical paradox of our age that we should possess an aid to style which no previous generation has possessed, and make no use of it.

Judging by the number of letters I received after some recent broadcasts, I think a good many students are anxious to learn from records. Unfortunately, such records are very difficult of access; original copies in good condition are rare, and now fetch about as many pounds as they once fetched shillings. (The interested reader will find in Mr. P. G. Hurst† a lively, evocative and highly individual pioneer in this new domain of the collector.) More important to the ordinary musician, however, is the question of re-pressings, at reasonable prices, from such of the original matrices as survive. In very early days, wholesale destruction of discontinued matrices was the rule, but up till 1939 a great deal of first-rate material survived in England, and still more in America and Italy; considerable further destruction, however, was done during the recent war, not by enemy action, but by sheer ignorance and carelessness. One thinks sadly of the Sibylline leaves; even to-day enough is left to justify a useful historical supplement to the catalogue, and in point of fact a rather ill-chosen selection of "old masters" is now appearing in the United States. It is most desirable that our own Gramophone Co. should, in due course, undertake something more elaborate and more judicious along the same lines. True, the matrices are their own commercial property, and I suppose they could legally dump the whole lot in the Thames to-morrow morning if they felt like it. I hope, on the contrary, that they will rise to the level of their responsibilities, and remember the long series of announcements which used to proclaim so proudly that "thanks to the magic of the gramophone, the voice of Mme. X (or Signor Y) has at last been saved for posterity." Posterity, *c'est nous!*

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

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* *The New Catalogue of Historical Records: 1898-1908/9.* By ROBERT BAUER. Sidgwick and Jackson. 45*s*.

† *The Golden Age Recorded: A Collector's Survey.* By P. G. HURST. Sidgwick and Jackson. 17*s*. 6*d*.

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RADIO NOTES

In judging the merits of the Party Political Broadcasts, one cannot avoid being influenced by one's own political views, but I try to think I am being impartial in suggesting that the two best speeches so far have been those of Mr. Herbert Morrison. I listened with respect to Mr. Attlee, but cannot now recall anything he said. Mr. Clement Davies delivered what seemed to me the dampest broadcast made by any statesman since Lord Simon's appeal for War Loans in 1939. Mr. Eden was scarcely more impressive. Mr. Churchill I always enjoy every minute of, if only as an act; his smokescreens of coupled adjectives are to me as stirring, and about as valuable, as the harmonies of Sousa. But what he said was obliterated from the memory by the liveliness of Mr. Morrison's subtle reproaches a short time after. Last Saturday Mr. Morrison returned to his "playing" of Mr. Churchill—a well-devised, and unfailingly arresting, approach. But the most impressive thing was that, at long last, a Labour broadcaster had decided to emphasise a fact which should have been pushed home ages ago. "There always *were* shortages . . .": this, I submit, is the solidest fact these six talks have elicited. It could safely have been developed at greater length, since few broadcasters have bothered to point it out before, and many are still reluctant to believe it. All told, there was a lot of politics over the week-end. At the Pilgrims' Dinner, Mr. Marshall spoke humanly and amusingly. He was preceded by Mr. Bevin, whom I always listen to, as to Mr. Churchill, for his idiosyncrasies of manner. His floundering anticlimaxes are not, however, an unmixed joy, and I confess to something akin to panic, when with tears in his voice he lets out a yell of: "Sir! The British People are Magnificent!"

For when he does so, one fears that, like Mr. Noel Coward, he somehow regards the British People as *his*. On Saturday we had *Peace in Our Time*, Mr. Coward's version of the question asked once by Mr. Churchill and now again by Mr. Morrison: "What sort of people do they think we are?" Mr. Coward's humour deserts him in this play, and his intelligence and imagination do not here seem sufficient to help him on. His view of our "sort of people," being mere sentimental journalism, is not the chief interest of his play; for in it he attempts, it would appear, to allay his own fear of the "intellectual," the depressingly serious person who takes the patriotism of *Cavalcade* as little seriously as he takes the pacifism of *Post-Mortem*, which so shortly preceded it. One gets the feeling that on to the collaborating turncoat of his play Mr. Coward is projecting some other conflict of his own: this is a pity, since the collaborating intellectual is an even more promising subject for an imaginative writer than the mercifully commoner type of the intellectual who resists.

This was all a great comedown from *Tartuffe* of the night before. And this itself was something of a comedown from the superb original. The difficulties of translating Molière are not solved by mixing a more or less pardonable stiltedness with inexpressive modern slang and debilitated rhyming couplets. But Molière shines through the most inept translation, and *Tartuffe*, like the earlier *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, must be counted among the Third's blessings. Mr. Miles Malleson's *Tartuffe* was brilliantly funny, and Mr. Allan Jayes and Mr. David Enders could hardly have been bettered.

I much regret that Carissimi's *Figlia di Jefte* had to be cancelled: I hope it will soon be restored, for it is a most dramatic and beautiful work. Carissimi was greatly admired by Verdi, and at a performance of *Jefte* in Italy recently, I wondered if I was idly dreaming in thinking that it must often have been in Verdi's mind as he wrote those painfully moving scenes between a father and a daughter which are among the high things of *Rigoletto*, *Traviata* and *Aïda*.

HENRY REED

THE MOVIES

"Monsieur Alibi" and "La Maternelle," at the Academy

No doubt with holidays in view, the Academy has put on an enticing double programme. *Monsieur Alibi* is fun; and fun, in the cinemas this Christmas, looks like being scarce as almonds and raisins. *La Maternelle* revives a fifteen-year-old drama of the nursery school, that has kept its ability to touch. The two films don't clash or overlap, and can be enjoyed together without the feeling of starchy repletion usually induced by a "double feature."

The fun of *Monsieur Alibi* is of that disgraceful kind that has given us a score of fantasies about magistrates burgling their own houses, fatherly criminals chasing lottery tickets, select academies for the pickpocket, and so on. It is the far more genial, Parisian version of gangsterdom. True, in *Monsieur Alibi* the master crook, being Louis Jouvet, has a devilish presence, though his worst crime seems to be robbery with violence; and his innocent double (also Louis Jouvet) never quite matches the helpless gaiety of Fernandel or Raimu in similar circumstances. But they are, with their sinister tincture, a very funny pair. Relish the spectacle of Jouvet, master cracksman, demanding and getting from a parvenu an advance of 1,000,000 francs towards the purchase of the castle in which he has installed himself as a Duke for the afternoon; when he goes he replaces the notice, "Museum, open to the public 10-4." Watch him making the round of his photographer's studio, bestowing a cryptic smile here, a leer there, and at last compelling an unwary detective to have his photograph horribly taken; or, as the innocent double on the point of suicide, standing knee-deep in the Seine and waving away impatiently protesting voices on the quay. Jouvet appears during the film in so many guises that at moments the plot is by no means clear, but the multiple performance is itself striking, and incidents pile up with a rare gusto of invention. This, in fact, is the nearest thing to *Le Roman d'un Tricheur* since that other brilliant egoist, Sacha Guitry, walked in and out of swing-doors as everything from a Rajah to a nonagenarian lady. Jouvet lacks the final personal touch that can devise and tell a rigmarole as well as act in it. But *Monsieur Alibi* is an engaging piece, which owes not a little to its young director, Jean Dreville. He had a hand in the charming and unpretentious *Le Cage aux Rossignols*, and I should like to see other work of his—*La Femme du Pendu* or *Le Visiteur*.

Jean Benoit-Lévy's and Marie Epstein's *La Maternelle* has not been shown, I believe, for quite a number of years in England and is likely to be new to most cinemagoers, as it was to me. The film may show its age a little in the sweeter aspects of its heroine (a gentlewoman sweeping the floors of a public nursery school) and in its melodramatic attitude to poverty; but apart from this, the children (aged 3 to 10) are wonderfully fresh and unstared-at in their behaviour. The camera has caught their solemnity, their awkward grace, the comedy and tearfulness of childhood, with hardly a false note. Little Paulette Elambert gives a more posed but still remarkable performance as a prostitute's child, and in the grown-up role of the school maid Madeleine Renaud is all shyness and light.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Players Please" at the Players' Theatre

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Correspondence

THE LITTLE ELECTION

SIR,—The letter from Mr. Geoffrey Bing in your issue of December 6th was both interesting and informative, but I think it was misleading in certain respects. First, Mr. Bing considered the statistics of each by-election separately, instead of trying to work out the swing from Labour to Conservative over all of them. Secondly, he wrote his letter before the result of the Epsom by-election came out. From the statistical point of view this proved to be by far the worst of the four by-elections for Labour. Thirdly, it may be true that by-elections exaggerate the swing against the Government, but Skipton and Eddisbury are hardly good examples of that. After all, they were won by Common Wealth and lost by Labour: the policies of the two parties were not identical and they tended to appeal to different sections of the community.

May I attempt to justify my first two criticisms of Mr. Bing with a few figures? At the General Election of 1945, for the seats of Gravesend, East Edinburgh, Howdenshire and Epsom, the Labour candidates polled 72,603 votes and the Conservative candidates 75,753 votes. In other words, Labour polled 48.9 per cent of the votes cast for the two principal parties. In the recent by-elections for these same seats, Labour polled 68,235 votes and the Conservatives 91,484, that is, Labour polled 42.7 per cent of the votes for these two parties. There has thus been of swing of 6.2 per cent from Labour to Conservative. We must next ask whether these constituencies are likely to be typical of the country as a whole in the matter of swing. Between the General Elections of 1935 and 1945 in these four seats the swing from Conservative to Labour was 15.3 per cent as compared with 12 per cent for the whole of the country. This suggests, although this is pure guesswork, that we ought to reduce our figure of 6.2 per cent for the four constituencies to about 5 per cent for the whole country. On the McCallum-Readman graph this would reduce the Labour majority in a general election to about 30. In addition we have to face the fact that the redistribution of constituencies which is likely in the near future would probably take away even this tenuous majority.

Clearly the recent by-elections give Labour no cause for complacency. The swing away from Labour which was continuous up to September according to the Gallup Polls appears to have been arrested, but the issue remains in the balance. The result of the next General Election seems to me to depend upon two things. The first is the success of the Government's policy, particularly in regard to the economic crisis. The second is the effort all Socialists must now make to win back that lost 5 per cent of the voting population.

R. G. SMITH

Queen Mary College,
London, E.1.

POLITICAL TRIALS

SIR,—Political trials in Eastern Europe find space in English dailies, in spite of paper restrictions, but there is apparently no room for publicity for political trials within the Empire. An extremely curious manifestation is the long-drawn-out action against the South African Communist Party—an attempt to saddle its leaders with responsibility for the African miners' strike of August, 1946.

Shortly after the strike on the gold mines had been smashed by police intervention, fifty people were arrested in Johannesburg; they included trade unionists and Communists. They were first charged with incitement to strike, and subsequently pleaded guilty to aiding and abetting a strike. A small minority were discharged. The remainder were fined varying amounts.

Countrywide police raids followed—on Communist Party and trade union offices, as well as on offices of the Friends of the Soviet Union, Natal Indian Congress, Passive Resistance Council, Springbok Legion (an ex-soldiers' organisation), *The Guardian* newspaper and on the homes of many private individuals.

In November eight members of the Communist Party's Central Committee were arrested in Cape Town. They were charged with sedition (in South Africa it is heresy to question the mineowners' right to exploit cheap, migratory labour), and with contravention of the Official Secrets Act. They were released on £200 bail, in their own recognisances. The preparatory examination opened in Johannesburg in January, and was moved to Cape Town where it opened on January 20. On February 24 the accused were committed for trial.

Witnesses for the Crown were compound managers and police, whose evidence made it clear that ruthless methods were used by the police to repress the strike and to drive the Africans back to work. Sensational allegations were made by the Assistant to the Attorney General of the Transvaal, who conducted the case for the Crown. One of his trump cards was an accusation that the Communists had organised secret police; the sole basis for this being one typing error in one letter taken by the police from a Communist office.

The charge under the Official Secrets Act was based on a letter asking district committees at port towns for information about ships loading for Indonesia. Sadly for the prosecution, evidence was brought to show that at that time docks were open to the public and movements of ships published daily in the press.

After February 24, the accused heard no more until July, when the preparatory examination was reopened in Cape Town, with two more accused added—H. A. Naidoo, a Communist central committee member who had been at Uno when the original arrests took place, and L. C. Joffe, who is not a Communist but is connected with a committee whose object is the raising of funds for the African Mineworkers Union. (Owing to African workers being excluded from the term employee in the Industrial Conciliation Act their unions are not officially recognised, in addition to which victimisation of union organisers and union members on the gold mines makes it almost impossible for the union to collect subscriptions.)

On August 3 the charges were withdrawn against myself, who had been ill during most of the period just prior to the miners' strike.

On October 16 the trial opened before a special High Court, with two judges, in Johannesburg. The charge under the Official Secrets Act was withdrawn by the Crown—after eleven months! The Court then upheld a Defence Counsel's claim that the Attorney General of the Transvaal had no jurisdiction to hold a preparatory examination in the Cape Province. Proceedings were withdrawn by the Crown—and all the accused were immediately rearrested, on the same charge. To them was added I. Wolfson, a member of the Communist central committee and of the National Executive of the South African Trades and Labour Council.

On October 17 the accused appeared in the Johannesburg magistrate's court. The Crown withdrew the charge, and all were formally discharged.

Three days later the Acting Minister of Justice, Dr. Colin Steyn, announced through the press that the sedition proceedings had *not* been abandoned and a new preparatory examination was to be opened in the Transvaal!

One of the accused, a Cape Town lawyer, then issued a claim for £5,000 damages for malicious arrest, against the Attorney General of the Transvaal and his Assistant. The National Executive of the S.A. Trades and Labour Council passed a resolution asking the Acting Minister of Justice to drop the proceedings. The Garment Workers Union wrote to the Minister. "We feel that Mr. Andrews and his colleagues are not being prosecuted for breaking the law but for their political beliefs and for daring to render assistance to the African

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miners who came out on strike last year." Senator Basner, the Native Senator who represents more people than General Smuts' Government and the Opposition put together, told *The Guardian* in an interview: "The stifling of discussion about the shocking conduct of the South African police towards the striking miners has been the Government's greatest gain from the long drawn-out prosecution and, whether accidental or deliberate, it has played into the hands of the mineowners . . . Let the Government drop its attempt to saddle one party and one group of individuals with the responsibility for a strike which involved 80,000 workers, and let us have an inquiry into the major economic and social factors which led to this great industrial disturbance . . . I believe we will then have no more talk of sedition, but of gross irresponsibility and mismanagement by the country's major industry and by the Government itself."

But on November 22 eight members of the Communist central committee were arrested—seven of them for the third time on the same charge, sedition. They include 77-year-old Bill Andrews, who is Communist national chairman, life-long fighter for trade union rights.

The accused have been released on £200 bail each, and will appear in Johannesburg magistrate's court on December 17, together with Mr. Joffe and two additional accused—one of whom was among the fifty arrested in Johannesburg just after the strike in August, 1946.

It is a tortuous and almost incredible tale. In spite of all the nonsense with which it has been surrounded the fundamental issue concerns the right which British workers fought for and won many years ago—the right to organise into trade unions and the right to strike. And as for the case itself, I cannot do better than conclude by quoting a leading editorial in the *Cape Times* after the withdrawal of the charges in October: "If the Government took the case seriously and there was reason for believing the Communists were guilty of the grave crime of sedition, they should have been prosecuted vigorously and efficiently. If the case was not taken seriously or if the grounds for action were flimsy the prosecutions should have been abandoned at once or, better still, they should never have been started."

Betty Radford

THE CUCKOO CRY

Sir,—My appreciation of Professor Laski's admirable article is only tempered by a fear that it may be read as support for a view held by many Socialists that Voluntary Societies are useless palliatives and should be scrapped. I am sure that Professor Laski believes, as I do, that this view is wrong.

The Voluntary Society is a typically British phenomenon of compromise and experimentation and has characteristic faults. It tends, for instance, to be in the hands of the Right People, and therefore to have a conservative brake on its progressive mainspring. It is also apt to obscure the need for, and sometimes to retard, Government action. Further, it tends to be staffed by people of private means on the honorarium level of pay and to derive its funds from personal subscribers who dislike to feel that their money is being "wasted" on administration, and tends therefore to depress the standards of official social work as well as of the Societies.

These defects are immediately obvious, and perhaps glaring instances may be pointed to. But the service rendered by the Voluntary Societies is such as to overwhelm such faults, which, in any case, are being gradually rectified in most instances. The supreme value lies in the pioneering field. A historical survey of the development of social services would be most illuminating, to show how far official services have come in to adopt and extend what has been started by voluntary bodies. So often the story is the same: the voluntary body finds the need, extemporises and improves the methods of meeting it, and ultimately sees its work incorporated into the fabric of public service. Such a body as a Rural Community Council is unfettered by departmental boundaries of responsibility and, in imaginative hands, can improvise rapidly to meet almost any social need. The growing practice of official grant-aid shows that such a function is appreciated—the amateur skirmishers testing the defences of a problem and initiating attacks which, if they prove successful, are followed up by the full strength of the Army.

There are two words to be said: to Socialists, that Social Democracy can make great use of such a system and should do so; and to Voluntary Societies, that Socialism gives them not only a challenge to put their houses in order and deliver the goods, but also an infinitely wider opportunity for usefulness.

Whiteway, W. Bryce Gibson
nr. Stroud, Glos.

THE CHURCHILL CORRECTION

Sir,—In your last issue, "Critic" reflects, by implication, on the impartiality of the B.B.C. News in its handling of Mr. Churchill's complaint. He says, first, that we "announced Mr. Churchill's correction as though it were a matter of uncontrovertible fact." This is not the case. Everything in the paragraph that we broadcast on Sunday, December 7, was fairly and clearly attributed to Mr. Churchill himself, and it is difficult to see what more or less we could have done. "Critic" then goes on to say, "Imagine how it (i.e., the B.B.C.) would have treated a similar complaint by a Cabinet Minister." The answer to this is quite simple. The B.B.C. would, in similar circumstances, have treated a complaint by a Cabinet Minister in an exactly similar way.

It seems necessary to make these points in case any of your readers might be led to believe that B.B.C. News is edited on any other policy than that of chronicling without bias what of sober importance and reasonable human interest has happened in the world. We shall, no doubt, continue to be sniped at from one side or the other. We are used to it, but it is important that the public should know that rigid standards of impartiality are accepted by all members of our editorial staff.

J. C. S. Macgregor
B.B.C., W.1. *Acting Editor (News).*

INTERNATIONAL HELP FOR CHILDREN

Sir,—The need for welfare work amongst the children of this country as well as for those all over Europe is so widespread to-day that it is difficult for individuals to find a personal approach to a problem so vast.

Large-scale relief means that money, food and clothing do not carry with them the warmth of human understanding that alone can bridge the gap between the donor and the recipient. Children especially need this sense of personal concern and the security that comes from knowing they are cared for, if they are to recover completely their well being. Great organisations can only provide material benefits and do not replace the comforts of life in a family group.

For this reason I am glad to draw attention to the work of a small group of experienced people who, under the name of International Help for Children, are working along individual lines on a comparatively small scale. They need our financial support in order to bring groups of children, of 8 to 14 years, to this country where homes are awaiting to receive them for a holiday. Likewise, they want to arrange for 500 British children, suffering from the evil effects of war, to visit Belgium, where invitations are waiting for them from Belgian families for next summer.

Here is a fine opportunity for many individuals to take part in a piece of constructive work on the personal level for British as well as for European children. Contributions should be sent direct to the Hon. Secretary, Miss M. McEwen, 43, Parliament Street, London, S.W.1.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

A WRITER leads a more secluded and usually more uneventful existence than a statesman, a courtesan or a bishop. There is nothing very spectacular or sensational except their success in the careers of Dr. Johnson, Macaulay or Carlyle, whom I choose as instances because they inspired three of the most riveting Lives in our language. No detail about such men can strike me as trivial, and there is no sort of book that I fall upon with more avidity than the memoirs, correspondence or biography of a great writer. Some persons who share this inquisitiveness feel obliged to find excuses for it: they enjoy reading "chatter about Harriet," they tell themselves, only because it helps them to appreciate the masterpieces of Shelley. But does it? A man's writings usually shed incomparably more light on his life, I think, than his life does on his writings. All that we know about Milton adds precious little to our enjoyment of *Paradise Lost*; and, if we knew just as much about Shakespeare, it is doubtful whether *Hamlet* would delight us more than it already does. When I read Froude, it is not in order to understand more fully *Frederick the Great* (which I continue to find unreadable). Froude on Carlyle is indeed more interesting than most of Carlyle, and Boswell on Johnson is more interesting than most of Johnson. "Chatter about Harriet" needs no excuse.

Though no book about Balzac could be so absorbing as books by Balzac, I can confidently recommend the new Life of him by Stefan Zweig.* It is the best account that has yet appeared in English, though I prefer André Billy's recent French biography, which is more detailed and, probably for this reason, more expressive. Above all, it brings more fully home to us the agonizing nightmare that Balzac made of his life by disasters so habitual and so unnecessary as to appear solicited. ("My finest flashes of inspiration" he wrote, "always came to me in my moments of deepest anxiety and distress." Did he not seek, with a part of himself, to multiply such moments?) Zweig's book, moreover, includes some highly questionable opinions. Thus the coarsenesses of Balzac's style are blamed upon the early years of pot-boiling (to me they appear the reflection of his vulgar temperament and inseparable from his virtues); and having thus attributed to Balzac habits of glibness, haste and slack writing, Zweig proceeds to credit him with more than Flaubertian scrupulosity: "As an artist he waged the most conscientious and unyielding struggle of any writer in modern literature." Again he adopts Balzac's view that his genius could have been applied with equal success to finance or statesmanship (pp. 70 and 100) and then asserts the contrary and more sensible opinion (p. 238). It is fair to add that Stefan Zweig had not completed the book when he killed himself, and Mr. Richard Friedenthal has had to fill in gaps from notes and to rewrite the final chapters. He has done this remarkably well, but if Zweig had been able to see the proofs, some trifling errors might have been eliminated. Aix-les-Bains is not on the Lake of Annecy; Marcel in *Les Huguenots* is not a girl in disguise but a bluff old Calvinist; when the author talks of "the celebrated Madame d'Orvalli," I suspect that he means Marie Dorval; and what are we to understand by the words "an oblong rotunda"? There is little else to complain of in a narrative that is unpretentious, lucid, sensible and continuously interesting.

What was Balzac's life? Bourget answers, "Il n'a pas eu le temps de vivre." He read little—except his own proofs; no sport or exercise of any sort; very seldom anything that could be called a holiday. From the age of twenty he was never for a single day out of debt; and so it became his almost unbelievable habit to start work at midnight and to continue till five in the afternoon. Only seven hours left for everything else, including sleep! Time he did find, however, to pursue, on the one hand, get-rich-quick schemes; on the other, women. Once, catastrophically, the two aims coincided—in the prosperous person of Mme Hanska.

The clever are wicked and so they flourish; the stupid are good and therefore come to grief: this is the moral, if such it can be called, which Balzac reiterates in book after book with exasperating gusto. General experience, I believe, points to the opposite conclusion. One has known wonderfully gifted persons who have wrecked themselves because they could not behave even to their friends with common decency, but how rare it is for anyone to have an unhappy life merely through being good. This tiresome *idée fixe* of Balzac's derived partly from the Spirit of the Age. The optimism of the Encyclopaedists had been demolished by the French Revolution; and the amiable, conveniently broadminded God of the deists no longer controlled the Universe: the Romantics had substituted for Him the fascinating Prince of Darkness. In Balzac's art, however, pessimism about human nature is too constant to seem merely fashionable or theoretical. It must be taken as a deduction from his experience and we are then faced with an amusing question: did Balzac think of himself as clever and wicked and successful, or as stupid, good and a failure? The second alternative is inadmissible. He believed that he was not only a great novelist and a profound thinker, but a business-man of genius. In money matters he tried accordingly to be just as unscrupulous as the financiers whose triumphs his novels recounted in such adoring detail. When his ventures ended in disaster (and they invariably did, except that he managed once or twice to swindle publishers), to what—one wonders—did he attribute this misfortune? Not, surely, to an insufficiency of wickedness, for that would make him look stupid [illegible] his own eyes. (He thought of the business world as a jungle in which the rule of tooth and claw made any intrusion of ethics grotesquely irrelevant.) The answer to our question, I fancy, is that he was always too much occupied with his future to spare a thought for his past. No one ever learnt less from experience, however costly. He tried to make his fortune successively with a publishing-house, a printing-works, a type-foundry, a rich marriage, a country estate, a mine, and another rich marriage. Even in the indulgence of his appetite for gorgeous antiques he fancied he was preparing colossal profits. He always plunged into his speculations without any technical knowledge. So extravagantly farcical, indeed, were these follies that one wonders whether that may not have given Flaubert the notion of *Bouvard et Pécuchet*.

The story of the country estate is characteristic. It would be cheaper, Balzac thought, as well as more agreeable, to live outside Paris, and so he bought for 4,500 francs a small piece of land with a little house on it near Sèvres.

> In some way or other he had learned that the projected railway to Versailles would pass through the station at Sèvres just below his estate, and with accurate intuition he told himself that the fields bordering on this railway station were bound very soon to rise in value. The obvious thing to do was to buy more land, and this he did, but so eagerly that he lost all sense of proportion. The peasants and other owners did not take long to discover that in his inordinate impatience he was prepared to pay any price they asked. His dream of a small cottage was forgotten, the prospect of orchards, plantations, and a magnificent park rose up before his mind's eye, and in a few weeks he had become the possessor of some forty thousand square feet at a cost of eighteen thousand francs, without having taken the precaution of having the land surveyed by experts, or even troubling to examine it more closely himself . . .
>
> The fruit-trees which he intended to plant on the still virgin soil would alone bring in a fortune. Suppose he were to lay down a pineapple plantation? Nobody in France had yet hit upon the idea of growing pineapples in glasshouses instead of shipping them from distant parts. If it was set about in the right way, so he confided to his friend Théophile Gautier, he could make a profit of a hundred thousand francs, or three times as much as his new house would cost him.

A whole army of workmen were set to build walls and to plant trees. Already he was deeply in debt. To earn with his pen the additional hundred thousand francs now required would take altogether too long. So off he dashed, to Sardinia of all places, to purchase the slag-heaps of some disused Roman silver mines! (He remembered hearing about these from a man he had come across in Genoa.) He had less than no capital, he knew nothing about mining, he took no expert with him, and when he reached Sardinia it was only to learn that the right to exploit the slag-heaps had been already sold. Having wasted on this wild-goose chase three months during which he wrote nothing, he returned to find his house still without a roof and the new walls collapsing. He rebuilt them; they fell down again, in an avalanche that overflowed the ground of a neighbour who threatened to sue him; and that was the end of Balzac the landed proprietor. Hardly less fantastic—and expensive—was his later passion for buying fake antiques, pictures, furniture, bric-à-brac of all sorts, always (he believed) at a fraction of the real value. The worst result of these vagaries was the loss not of money but of energy and of time. He died with a third of the splendid edifice of the *Comédie humaine* uncompleted.

It is a vulgar error to suppose that good sense in practical matters is incompatible with imaginative genius. Some great artists have shown themselves shrewd in business, many have been at the least prudent. Balzac's ineptitude is, I think, unparalleled; yet no artist has ever devoted more thought to money, alike in his work and in his life.

Balzac as a lover, no less than as a business-man, is a figure from a sardonic farce. Even in his early years he was clumsy and ugly; soon he became gross, a drawback stressed by the elaborate loudness of the attire he affected. His manners were no less plebeian than his person. Nevertheless he received countless letters from feminine admirers, so conspicuous were his novels for a sympathetic insight into the feelings of women, especially of women no longer young. If correspondence led to a meeting, his ardour and vivacity could force women—less apt as a rule than men to place their hearts at the mercy of their eyes—to overlook his defects of physique and breeding. In his desires he too was free from the tyranny of looks: what excited him was not beauty or grace or youth but social grandeur with all its appurtenances. His first love, Laure de Berny, was the godchild of Lewis the Sixteenth, so it did not matter to the twenty-three year old Balzac that she was twice his age. Laure d'Abrantès was forty-five when he became her lover, but she was a duchess (only Napoleonic, it is true), and could regale him with first-hand accounts of the Emperor's Court. Henriette-Marie de Castries was the daughter and the wife of pukka dukes—no wonder that Balzac was infatuated as never before. She was only thirty-five, which perhaps explains why she never surrendered to him. (The uncynical Benjamin Franklin advised young men, if they could not do without love, to choose elderly women, because in these they would certainly find gratitude.) Eve Hanska was a Countess, married to a Baron who owned enormous estates and thousands of serfs. Though not much more than thirty when she first met Balzac, she became his mistress and agreed to marry him when her invalid husband should die.

He did not die for eight years. During these she was usually separated from Balzac by half the length of Europe, but he was made to promise that he would have no affairs except with *filles*. Of course he had other mistresses—Emilia Guidoboni-Visconti, for instance, an Englishwoman married to a Count descended from the Dukes of Milan; and of course Mme Hanska heard about them: Balzac was never the man to conceal an aristocratic conquest. This did not prevent him from despatching to Poland heart-rending accounts of the tortures inflicted upon him by chastity. Self-pity similarly persuaded this most naive of gallants to enlarge in his love-letters upon his white hairs, his obesity, the danger he ran from apoplexy. Suddenly Baron Hanska died: at last Balzac's hopes would be fulfilled, an aristocratic wife, enormous wealth; and he became miraculously rejuvenated:

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* *Balzac.* By STEFAN ZWEIG, translated by WILLIAM and DOROTHY ROSE. *Cassell.* 21s.

> There are only a few white hairs here and there, and owing to my studious ways of life I am well preserved, apart from my embonpoint, which is inevitable in view of my sedentary occupation. I do not think I have changed since Vienna, and my heart is so young that it has kept me young in body despite the monastic austerity of my existence.

Despite these assurances it was two years before the widow would see him. Then he was allowed to come to Petersburg; later she met him in Germany, and in Italy; she had a child by him. But marriage was what he wanted, and the end of a twenty year war with creditors; and marry him she would not, until he was out of debt. She doubtless knew that this meant the Greek Kalends; nor can she be blamed, frivolous and cold-hearted as one may for other reasons think her. It would not have taken Balzac very long to get through all her forests and her serfs. Over and over again he sent letters explaining in the most plausible detail how the novels and plays he was about to write would bring in enough to clear him within nine, or twelve, or eighteen months; and on the way to the post-office he would make nonsense of all these calculations by some extravagant purchase. Mme Hanska did eventually relent: she married him, when assured by a doctor that he was a dying man; and Balzac did not disappoint her. Within five months he was dead.

"You are the subject of my most delightful dreams," he wrote to her in the early days of their correspondence, long before they met. "If you had been able to witness the effect which your letter had on me, you would have perceived at once the gratitude of a man in love, the heartfelt trust, the pure affection which binds a son to his mother. . . ." and so on. Unluckily she received another answer to the same letter, also signed "Balzac," but different in handwriting and sentiment. The awkward truth was that when he got too many letters from adoring females, he would get Zulma Carraud to answer them for him: she had been his mistress and now lived in the country with a lot of time on her hands. On this occasion the system had somehow broken down, but novelists are more resourceful than most of us, and Balzac saw in a flash how to turn the blunder into a pretext for self-praise. He picked up his pen:

> You have asked me with a certain mistrust to explain my two different handwritings. The fact is that I have as many handwritings as there are days in the year . . . . This flexibility springs from a power of imagination which can conceive any idea whatsoever and yet remain as immaculate as a mirror which no reflection can sully.

A liar and a humbug? Balzac, I think, hardly knew when he was lying. He was the greatest of novelists, and the worst of business-men, just because there was for him no perceptible frontier between imagination and reality. (In his house he scribbled on the naked plaster "Here is a veneer of Parian marble," or "Here is a ceiling painted by Delacroix,"—and already for him these splendours existed.) Most unfortunately, he was no better able to perceive the distinction between the credible and the incredible; which made him not only ineffective in his lies, but exorbitantly melodramatic in his novels. He never could grasp that other people were not so credulous as himself. Already in Rousseau and Shelley we can recognise, in a milder form, the susceptibility to self-deception that was Balzac's disease. In life as in art he was the superlative Romantic.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

METAPHYSICAL THINKING

The Approach to Metaphysics. By E. W. F. TOMLIN. *Kegan Paul.* 12s. 6d.

It is difficult to classify this book. Is it a philosophical guide or textbook? No, for the author speaks contemptuously of books which come between the reader and the great philosophers and offer to save him the trouble of reading Kant for himself. Is it a book on current philosophical tendencies? No, for most of it is historical and the chapters on Berkeley, Plato, Aristotle and the philosophy of Christianity make their familiar appearance for all the world as if this were in fact one of the despised text-books; moreover, the book is deliberately written in non-technical language for what the Victorians called the "general" reader. And here let me say that Mr. Tomlin writes very pleasantly and gracefully and, although he is on occasion a little long-winded, the quality of his prose is high enough to dispose us to condone its quantity.

Perhaps it is as an original contribution to philosophical thought that the book should properly be judged and it is as such that I propose to treat it. Its interest from this point of view lies in Mr. Tomlin's development of the philosophical theories of the late Professor Collingwood which are also by derivation those of Professor Whitehead. Metaphysics has traditionally been regarded as the study of reality—of reality, that is to say, as opposed to appearance, or of reality as such or as a whole as opposed to some department of reality such as that studied by science, or to some particular expression of reality in history, for example, or in art. The Platonic view that reality consists of immaterial Forms which manifest themselves in the semi-real objects of the familiar world is a typical metaphysical view.

In contradistinction to the traditional view, Professor Collingwood maintained that metaphysics should be regarded as an attempt to discover what men have *thought* about reality or, as he puts it, "what the people of that time believe about the world's general nature"; metaphysics, in fact, is the study of what he called "pre-suppositions." This view is worked out by Mr. Tomlin more particularly in its bearing upon science. Scientists, he points out, make different pronouncements about the universe in different periods; each such pronouncement, no less than the facts which have been selected to support it, is conditioned by a hypothesis, as, for example, that the world of nature is orderly and obeys rational laws, or that every event in the physical world is a manifestation of the nature of God who created it, which constitutes the starting point of the science and is accepted on faith. It is part of what men believe about "the general nature of the world." It is the business of the metaphysician to elucidate these hypotheses which are the pre-suppositions of man's thinking and which together form "the pattern of civilisation at any given time." Mr. Tomlin goes so far as to call them "the binding chains of social order." Thus, what are known in philosophy as "the eternal verities," the good, the true, the beautiful and so on, are not so much ultimate constituents of the universe, as "the basic pre-suppositions of the civilisation to which we belong."

Since metaphysics is not about the universe but about the beliefs which have been entertained by different human beings, one would naturally like to know whether they are true or false. But this apparently is a question we must not raise since, according to Mr. Tomlin, no pre-supposition is either true or false. Hence all that metaphysics can aspire to do is to notice how in course of time one pre-supposition "has been replaced or at least countered by another pre-supposition equally supported by faith."

This view seems to me to cut the metaphysician's mind off from all contact with and knowledge of the real world. It amounts to a kind of philosophical inbreeding in that it reduces metaphysics to the study of human thinking, thinking which, since we are apparently unable to assess it by the only test that matters, the test, namely, of its truth or falsehood, possesses only historical or biological interest. Metaphysics, in fact, is a record of the lies that human beings have told about the universe.

If a personal avowal may be permitted, it is certainly not this kind of interest that has led me to philosophy, nor, I think, is it by such an interest that the great philosophers of the past have been inspired. I want to know what is the nature and meaning of this puzzling world in which our lives are set and, though I regard the views which the great philosophers have put forward as profoundly important, I do so only because it seems to me to be at least possible that they may be true in the sense of telling me what the world in its fundamental nature is really like.

If Mr. Tomlin is right, this "pre-supposition" of mine, which is also that of most philosophers, is a piece of pious optimism, since apparently it is meaningless to say that what men think and believe about the universe is true. But if Mr. Tomlin were right, I should cease to be interested in philosophy.

Nor, I think, is Mr. Tomlin wholly successful in maintaining his position. For example, at the end of his book he tells us that metaphysics is returning to "a conception of the order of nature as being the creation of an infinite God and, therefore, the pre-supposition of all science" and refers with approval to Whitehead's statement that it is the business of metaphysics "to elucidate precisely such pre-suppositions" as these. But why these pre-suppositions as opposed to others, unless they are *true* in a sense in which the others are not? Why, indeed, prefer any one pre-supposition to any other, unless it more correctly represents or is more closely in accord with the real nature of things, from which it follows that the business of metaphysics is to discover those beliefs which are true or, not to put too fine a point on it, to reveal what reality is like? But from this conclusion no traditional metaphysician would wish to dissent.

C. E. M. JOAD

CAMBRIDGE IN TRANSITION

Later Victorian Cambridge. By D. A. WINSTANLEY. *Cambridge University Press.* 25s.

When the Vice-Master of Trinity died in March last this fourth volume of his history of the University had been carried down to the goal of the 1882 Statutes, at which point he was intending to stop. As Dr. G. M. Trevelyan says in a memorial note, D. A. Winstanley was peculiarly fitted for the task. He enjoyed the extravagancies of eighteenth-century Cambridge, and as a reformer of conservative instincts he was at home in tracing the adaptation to modern conditions. The record of that tortuous process throws a revealing light upon the road we have travelled since the Victorian heyday.

In 1860 Whewell was still Master of Trinity. He was not entirely against change, but when he died in 1866 Henry Sidgwick felt that "a formidable restraining influence had been removed." We may guess the nature of university politics at that time from the first two chapters. Winstanley opens with "Robinson's vote," the queer episode of one C. K. Robinson, a fellow of St. Catharine's, gaining the headship of the college by his own use of the ballot. This manœuvre provided material for a scandal that was kept up for years. Next comes a mass of detail, curiously interesting, concerning a legal claim, based upon the tradition that Trinity Lodge was somehow a royal palace and could be occupied of right by the Judges of Assize; and then we have the prolonged agitation for the abolition of religious tests. The story is full of twists and turns. Gladstone, it is clear, would have preferred to keep the tests, which were doomed. The author believed that Henry Sidgwick's sacrifice of his fellowship, a rather sensational event, was unnecessary, for by the time he acted the victory of the Liberals was almost in sight.

One would hardly turn to a long chapter on the University and the Corporation Act in search of a genuine human-interest story. But here it is, in the adventures of two "bad" girls, Jane Elsden and Grace Hopkins, who were to be pivotal figures in the bitter campaign for curbing the proctors in town affairs. Both girls suffered arrest in 1891, and their cases were whipped up into matters of national interest. "In free England," said Jane's counsel, "this poor girl has been dogged and persecuted." Grace Hopkins was defended in the High Court by Sir Harry Poland, K.C. Both were released by order of the Home Secretary. Throughout the whole period covered by this volume the town-and-gown war was on. The Borough Council held that the town was under a tyranny; the proctors exercised police functions which had become intolerable. The Vice-Chancellor was the censor of entertainment and issued theatre licences. The University authorities clung fiercely to the privileges conferred by the Elizabethan charter.

The picture of Cambridge and its ways drawn by the historian in his cool fashion is strange indeed. In the 1860s there was no entrance examination. The Previous had to be taken in the second year, and men reading for honours were not allowed to sit earlier. It was said that if poll-men took it in their first year they would sink into idleness. The University that had long enjoyed a high repute for mathematics required from its second-year men a knowledge of arithmetic and merely the first three books of Euclid. There was steady opposition to the inclusion of theology in the degree course, and yet Paley's *Evidences* remained a required book until the present century. Constant complaints were heard of the shockingly unprepared condition of the poll-men. (These sound like the wails coming nowadays from American professors as to the mental blankness of college freshmen). The blame was always put upon the Public Schools, which, it was asserted, were responsible for "the domestication of gross ignorance in a home of learning."

There was a long wrangle over the rule making attendance compulsory at no more than one course of lectures by a professor. This was denounced as oppressive for undergraduates and degrading to the professors, who would hate to have their rooms filled with conscripts. Two eminent and contrasted professors, however, Lightfoot and the blind Fawcett, announced that they were pleased to have poll-men in their audience.

When at last the problem of the Natural Science Tripos was taken up seriously, fears were expressed that Oxford might be taking the lead in Science as she was then doing in History. The stages through which the Tripos system passed are extremely interesting. Cambridge men of to-day will not easily believe that a Tripos was looked upon as a refuge for the lazy and superficial, this opinion being held for many years particularly in reference to the Moral Science scheme. The change when it came was drastic. Leslie Stephen wrote: "Stick to your triposes; grind at your mill, and don't set the universe in order till you have taken your bachelor's degree". The Classical Tripos had its own storms. The question of compulsory Greek was first raised by Lord Lyttelton in 1870, at the beginning of a decade of Commissions. The idle and absent fellowships, naturally, provoked angry debates. We are reminded that the ban on marriage was not a declaration in favour of the celibate life, but rather of the belief that a married fellow could not help being an example of divided loyalty.

Winstanley's life and work as historian, says Dr. Trevelyan, were singularly complete and perfect. That is a generous word in view of the fact that his writing could scarcely have been more unlike history on the Trevelyan model. The earlier volumes showed that Winstanley was by no means lacking in the gift of handling and portraying personality, but here he was limiting himself to institutions, controversy, and the humours of university politics, with almost complete neglect of the men of high ability and forceful character, at that time the glory of Cambridge. This was the epoch of Kennedy and Henry Jackson, of Thompson and Butler, of Lightfoot and Westcott, Henry Sidgwick and Henry Fawcett and Leslie Stephen, of Seeley and Robertson Smith, and a host of others who were helping to mould the mind of late-Victorian England. Any list of their names implies a challenge which some not-distant successor is certain to take up.

S. K. RATCLIFFE

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED

The Englishman's Holiday. A Social History. By A. B. PIMLOTT. *Faber*. 16s.

This book, the first of its kind, is a valuable addition to the social history of England. There are many things in the opening chapters which will be new even to specialists in this subject, but the omission of all reference to that great pioneer of travelling for fun, the Elizabethan Coryatt, is a pity.

Delightful is the chapter on Bath with Beau Nash in the role of dictator Mr. Pimlott shows the discernment which we expect in a social historian when he remarks that Nash's "emphasis on order and discipline showed a conscious or unconscious insight into his contemporaries and corresponded to a curious craving for authority, which in some matters characterised a professedly liberty loving age." This same comment might be applied with equal aptness to Sir Henry Lunn and Mr. Butlin, both of whom appear in later chapters.

The author is to be congratulated on succeeding (where, incidentally, I failed) in getting really valuable information out of the present Cooks about their founder, Thomas Cook, whose portrait, which I had never seen before, is one of the finds of this book. (Incidentally, the illustrations are extremely good, though we could have done with a great deal more information about their sources.) He makes the good point that Thomas Cook, Frame's, the Polytechnic and Sir Henry Lunn Ltd., all originated out of religious or quasi-religious activities.

Mr. Pimlott alludes to the social stigma of "the personally conducted" but does not give due credit to the imaginative genius of the travel agent who overcame that prejudice. It was Sir Henry Lunn (a very colourless figure in these pages) and not, as Mr. Pimlott implies, the Prince of Wales who made winter sports fashionable. Sir Henry's first problem was to invent some means whereby the upper classes could travel Lunn without appearing to travel Lunn. By enabling them to travel under the aegis of the Public Schools Alpine Sports Club, which he founded, Lunn's was successfully de-Lunned.

Sir Henry never allowed his acute sense of peers as an asset to his hotels to interfere with his radicalism, and he divided his time between denouncing the House of Lords and inveigling them to Mürren. In theory he was a great internationalist. In practice he illustrated Borkenau's thesis of the extreme nationalism of the Left. He was decorated by the Kaiser for promoting Anglo-German friendship, and attracted Englishmen to Mürren by guaranteeing that they would never meet a German in his hotels. "Mürren," he stated in his preliminary advertisement, "has never been invaded by our Teutonic cousins in summer," and consequently no displeasing flavour of such summer guests could contaminate the climate of the Public Schools Alpine Sports Club.

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METHUEN

And it was not only the Germans who were excluded from Swiss hotels but the Swiss. I remember hearing an indignant Bernese translating into what he imagined to be idiomatic English the protest of one of his compatriots when assured by the reception clerk at the Palace Hotel, Mürren, that he could not book a room until he joined a British Club, "You bloody boy. Here I stand on Swiss bottom and cannot get a bed."

The Free Church Touring Guild, which Mr. Pimlott mentions, would have provided an excellent illustration of his theme, that the Englishman's holiday reflects the social condition of the day. In the late 'nineties the F.C.T.G. was a great property but gradually the religious Dissenters evolved into political dissenters, and the F.C.T.G. declined as the Workers' Travel Association grew. The empty pews in Free Church Chapels meant emptying coffers at Lunns, and the business crisis was accentuated by the fact that Sir Henry, like Beau Nash and Mr. Butlin, was something of a dictator. In the early years of the century he insisted that his committee pass a rule to prevent card-playing on Sundays. In the course of his argument with a distinguished aristocrat who had accepted a free holiday in return for his assistance in de-Lunning Lunns, the aristocrat exclaimed, "You've just used me as a decoy duck." "Yes," said Sir Henry, "and I'm very much obliged to you."

There is justice in this world. Mr. Thomas Cook concentrated on founding a great business, and he succeeded. Sir Henry was only interested in Lunn's as an instrument for amassing enough money to finance Christian reunion and to impose his particular brand of theocracy on Swiss hotels. Mr. Cook made a fortune. Sir Henry's firm was only saved from liquidation by those who bought it. But I fancy that the most colourful personality in the travel business got at least as much fun out of life as Mr. Cook.

What I miss in this book is the romance and baroque exuberance of the travel business as seen from the inside. *Doggett's Tours*, by Richard Turpin, is the only masterpiece that has so far emerged from the world of the Travel Agencies. Turpin hints at the class war between the clerks condemned to swelter in London and the "foreign representatives," seen by the home staff as the supreme examples of "Holiday-makers with Pay." The "schadenfreude" of the Home Front found expression in assuring clients who demanded single rooms that "our representative at Lucerne will, we are sure, be able to arrange that." I remember a rather "Yellow Book" type of Oxford undergraduate, who had obtained a temporary summer appointment, being confronted for the first time with the usual Saturday night rumpus as some fifty people who had been promised single rooms (in a pension with four single rooms available for our clients) invaded the office. Two ladies—strangers to each other—in the early sixties, the first of whom was clean shaven and the second of whom wore a slight beard, had been allotted a double. "Young man," said the bearded Beauty, "I haven't slept with anybody for forty years and I don't propose to begin now." "God forbid" said the urbane Oxonian, "that it should fall to me to break the spell!"

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NEW NOVELS

Not Without Fantasy. IRIS MORLEY. *Peter Davies.* 8s. 6d.

The Wayward Bus. JOHN STEINBECK. *Heinemann.* 9s. 6d.

The Purple Plain. H. E. BATES. *Michael Joseph.* 10s. 6d.

The Wind at My Back. VICTORIA LINCOLN. *Faber and Faber.* 8s. 6d.

In her novel *Not Without Fantasy*, Miss Iris Morley gives us, through the eyes of her heroine, Marguerite Drake, an English newspaper reporter's view of Russia during the last years of the war. We get Moscow, Leningrad, and later the battlefield round Vitebsk and a Polish concentration camp. There are various love affairs wound in and out of it all; but the most interesting thing perhaps is the life story of the great Leningrad ballerina, Elizavet Raalst. Here we learn, from behind the scenes, of the antagonism between the artists still holding ideas of Western culture and those who have delivered up their souls to the State Philosophy. This is a readable, snappy, almost scatty little novel from an attractive journalist's pen—there is a fascinating photograph of Miss Morley on the back of the jacket.

We take a literary step up to reach the other three authors on this week's list. For they all demonstrate, with the precise tension of expression sustained all through by means of which unity is achieved, that they are writers with a real respect for their art.

In the case of Mr. Steinbeck I must admit that it is a sort of technicolour unity that is achieved, of the kind one sees in American advertisements for tobacco, cigarettes, or silver spoons. His eight characters that meet on a Californian highway, at the little restaurant-garage called "Rebel's Corner," and who all finally jump into the "wayward bus" together, certainly have just that glossy, simplified, crudely tinted, sexy, and bouncingly animal look. The setting too—the lunch room with every physical detail, every hamburgher, ice-cream unit and glass of coca-cola so defined that it fairly bludgeons one in all its sterile, stolid prose; and the Californian macadamized highway outside with its petrol pumps and garage accoutrements, all done in three block process.

This is a highly professional picture that Steinbeck paints. What a firm hand! What an eye! The latter like a telescope showing us a scene of unnatural clarity, where all the middle distances, and all the mysterious chiarioscuro of a living landscape are eliminated for our convenience.

What are we shown? Eight types. The American business man, goggling sideways at the silk-stockinged thighs of the blonde at the next table, where her tight skirt has wrinkled up. The fat and ageing proprietor's wife behind the counter, who has taken to drink. The college girl, lusting after the proprietor. The drab servant Norma, dreaming of marrying Clark Gable, the spotty young garage help who thinks only of one thing. And now I come to think of it, everybody here thinks only of "one thing." Except the salesman of Novelties, who concentrates on earning his bread-and-butter. Anyway, after they've all lusted and fed, they hop into the bus together (which is appositely named "sweetheart") and drive off. On the high road—but I won't reveal the plot. If only for the reason that I haven't been able to make it out myself. I only know that this is a very skilful, randy, wonderfully easy book to whisk through.

The Purple Plain by H. E. Bates (apart from the unfortunate inclusion of a phoney love interest) is a very good adventure story, placed in the central plateau of Burma. A pilot officer, already having a nervous breakdown anyway, finds himself landed, after a horrible series of bombings and air crashes, in the jungle, with only half a cupful of water and two seriously wounded men to carry back to civilisation.

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beside the jungle. The heat in this book is like a wild beast in its violence and in its splendour. It leaps upon Forrester and reader alike and savages them for two hundred and twenty-two pages; and such is the magic of art (aided also perhaps by the kind of weather we are being treated to here in England) that one takes it, and likes it, and finds it an exhilarating experience.

I really must, however, in honesty, add that I find Bates' new manner far less convincing than his earlier. There are now so many disappointing lapses into conventional literary box office. There is, in fact, so much subtle and wily pastiche in his writing that I, for one, have come to feel for him a pained distrust. In his company, I have that awareness that one's companion is not prepared to make the effort to come clean and lift the mask. And it's a bore, that's the thing. In *The Purple Plain* for instance: the clipped soldier's talk, and the curt, manly atmosphere of the men; it may be photographically realistic, it is certainly fashionable in literature to-day, but does it convey anything about the people as human beings? I cannot see it. Again . . . this unfortunate love affair with the refined little Burmese angel, Anna. Surely love between the sexes is not like this? An endless soothing lullaby, a dimsy stroking of faces and a concentrated smelling of hibiscus blooms? From this picture you wouldn't guess in a million years what a bothersome force to grapple with sex attraction actually is. This is meant for true love, but is really just a sort of crooner's woozy fancy for another woozy crooner. "'He smelled the drenching scent of it (the hibiscus) against his face.' 'It will be there when you come again!' (the hibiscus), etc. 'I shall look for it' (the hibiscus), he said. 'Don't die again,' she said. 'Inside yourself. It isn't good.' 'Never again,' he said. 'Not now.' 'I'm so glad,' she said." And so it goes crooning on. So that when they come to the bathing scene, and he makes a dim attempt to induce her to bathe without clothes on (she has no bathing dress), and "It would be so lovely to look at you," he croons, and she keeps refusing, and he finally gives up and dashes off into the water alone in his under-pants (for he has no bathing costume with him either) leaving her standing primly on the bank . . . the effect is somehow jarring. For you cannot take all this refinement, these hibiscus blooms and the rest of it, and mix it up with under-pants—and get away with it. Except in a Robertson Hare free for all. However, enough of all that. As one would expect, *The Purple Plain* contains a lot of first-class writing.

Miss Victoria Lincoln's three stories are extraordinarily able. Somewhat sentimental, and with a provoking dotting of the i's and crossing of the t's which gives an American flavour, they are yet certainly an able novelist's work and, better still, definitely about something. This last, one gets, does one not, to prize above rubies. The first two tales are studies of love affairs. In them the focus is on the interplay of the conventions with the natural instincts and desires—a very nice subject. Mrs. Lincoln does not delve, she does not reveal secret gold, but her love affairs are real—if ordinary. And added to this, in the first and best story, there is an enjoyable period atmosphere (the twenties) and a lot of pleasingly silly cracks and would-be smart conversation on the part of the 'teen age boys and girls.

Julia Strachey

A SCIENTIFIC BLUE-PRINT

Science and the Nation. By Memeers of the Association of Scientific Workers. *Pelican Books.* 1s.

This is a remarkable book. All we are specifically told about its un-named authors is that they are "united in a desire to see the quickest possible application of scientific and technical advances for the benefit of mankind." What we learn from the book is that between them they possess a very wide knowledge, and that there is little in the contemporary scene about which they are unprepared to comment. They have used their small Pelican to paint a vast picture of what science might do, in a planned Socialist economy, for the betterment of British industry, agriculture, social service and education. As a review of diverse but inter-related topics it is certainly more ambitious in scope than anything any other single agency would have dared to attempt. This, perhaps, is in part only a measure of the very wide interests represented in the Association of Scientific Workers.

The book first considers general questions relating to industrial and marketing efficiency, and then deals in turn with fuel and power, the heavy chemical and engineering industries, transport, communications, agriculture, health services, food and consumer goods, building, and finally a variety of matters dealing with the growth and dissemination of scientific knowledge, and the place of science in general culture.

What is urged in dealing with practical matters is the better application of existing scientific and technical knowledge; the central co-ordination and stimulation of any research that applies to a given field of activity; better planning; and the proper education and selection of the people whose business it is to direct basic industries. In the field of agriculture, for example, the book argues for more science in dealing with matters such as the quality of livestock and crops, soil fertility, the mechanisation of farming practice, and distribution. In the power field it urges that all research relating to improvements either in the production or the utilisation of fuel should be centralised under the appropriate administrative department, and it makes the interesting suggestion that a few collieries should be set aside and operated solely for purposes of research and engineering development. In the heavy chemical industry it presses for the extension and better application of scientific knowledge about by-products so as to avoid waste in raw materials. And it argues convincingly for the creation of a governmental Consumer Research Council with the responsibility for carrying out research into real needs.

Although the authors of the book claim that it does not portray a scientific Utopia, it is bound to be regarded as such by many of its readers—including those scientists who are not Socialist in their views and those who are not mindful of the social responsibilities of science. Utopia is all a matter of time, and time presses heavily on the two fundamental assumptions of *Science and the Nation*; first, that there are no technical obstacles to world-wide social advance, and second, that the necessary condition for its achievement is an internationally planned and expanding economy, aimed at high and rising standards of life. The trouble at the moment is that there are in fact technical obstacles to both these things.

A more precise, even if platitudinous formulation of the first assumption would have been that social advance over a wide front will be impeded if the full aid of science is not evoked. For this to be at all possible, it will be necessary to implement a number of proposals the book makes about scientific research, the education of scientists, and the dissemination of scientific knowledge. Several of these suggestions are already being realised, and the fact that they now receive renewed emphasis merely adds to their importance. In spite of the likelihood that some of the claims the book makes about possible technical steps may appear over-optimistic in the light of practical experience, it does also show what a blue-print of science could look like in a world

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in which science is fully exploited. There is certainly a *prima facie* case for preparing such a blue-print, and *Science and the Nation* is a remarkably interesting first draft. S. ZUCKERMAN

Week-end Competitions

No. 930

Set by Ambrose Carrot

A political body asks people to send "the book they most dislike" to their Christmas Fair. Which book would be chosen by any one of the following: Evelyn Waugh, Cyril Connolly, Raymond Mortimer, Miss Compton Burnett, Damon Runyon, P. G. Wodehouse, and what would they say? Length up to 200 words. Entries by December 30th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 927

Set by John Cauliflower

The usual prizes are offered for a letter of advice to one who is thinking of economising. Length 300 words.

Report by John Cauliflower

Fantasy is the essence of all plans for economy: a distinguished colleague known for his discrimination has decided to give up smoking in taxis. That was the note of refinement I hoped for, but found it only in one competitor who has resolved to pay less for his coupons. Allan M. Laing, in one of the few non-satirical pieces, said one or two wise things: "Don't if you can help it, begin your economies at other people's expense." But a modern La Rochefoucauld would surely dispute the rider: "that is a sure way to forfeit your self-respect." Good entries came from E. A. Brown, E. W. Fordham, H. A. C. Evans, G. J. Blundell, E. H. Dodimead and L. E. J; but Yorick's verse beat all the wily letter-writers. He has a first prize of three guineas which will be quickly deflated by his reckless course; a guinea each goes to Joan Grant, G. J. Blundell and L. E. J.

ADVICE ON ECONOMISING (1947)
(in Hudibrastic Verse)

Quoth Hudibras: The man who's wise
Won't try, these days, t' economise.
Why to save a Pound or Dollar
For *Dalton*—or for *Cripps*—to collar?—
For *Cripps* will be as deft as *Dalton*
The taxpayers' tail-feathers to put salt on—
What use to hoard, or lend, your savings?
That won't allay your belly's craving.
So, though they keep on shouting—"Lend em!"
I say—"While you have got 'em, spend 'em!"
To live, you've got to be Sophistic,
The dead, you'll find, were Altruistic.
Follow the wise Beasts' simple habit
And, when you see good foodstuff, grab it!
And have a more than Apostolic
Zeal for all liquids Alcoholic.
Don't get too deep in with the "Black Market"
Lest some *Iscariot* Copper's-nark it
But keep some ready-money handy
To pounce on Wine or Rum or Brandy
And, when you're safe to do it—*Buy 'em*!—
The Wise Man's Motto: "*Carpe Diem*!"
Keeping the windy side o' the Law
Just by the width of oaten straw.
YORICK

AN EPISTLE TO AN IMPOVERISHED OXFORD FRIEND

'Tis hard indeed in penury to live,
State-aided student, academic spiv.
Yet harder, thus financ'd, to propagate,
Wherefore I say, think twice before you mate:
Landladies (Blackpool-nurtur'd, by their features)
But seldom prove accommodating creatures,
So if you must unite, then gain a patron
And wed the daughter of a Cowley matron.
By this device you may go far to solve
A problem students ceaselessly revolve—
With thrift in Hall the flesh to mortify,
Or lavishly to batten in the High?

From fleshy wants turn now to those more godly:
Indulge them free in Blackwell's or the Bodley;
Here live the classics, there the latest sages—
So take a paper-knife for uncut pages.
And last, be back in College ere each dusk,
And live a cloister'd life of dim sub-fusc.
JOAN GRANT

DEAR JAMES,

So you intend to economise, and would appreciate some advice from the one uncle of yours who might be expected to know something of the subject?

Well, my dear boy, I must first solemnly warn you against that most terrible of all temptations, to give up smoking. On this point I speak from bitter experience. When I was a prefect in the sixth form at St. Pontefract's, straitened circumstances induced me to commit this fatal mistake, and in the inevitable mood of irritation that followed I was unfortunate enough to use strong language to a senior master. My subsequent degradation and expulsion, with the painful details of which you are doubtless familiar, have provided me with a permanent warning, from which I hope you will profit, against the grave dangers of non-smoking.

Nor should you lightly forego the use of stimulants. I shall not easily forget the fate of my friend, Captain Tippler, who, having contracted a chill during an unwonted period of strict abstention from alcohol sneezed three times down a general's neck before he could stop himself.

The most obvious economy to practise is, of course, in gambling. Here, apparently, the gain would be indisputable. But beware, my boy. The deadly monotony of a life in which gambling plays no part has to be experienced to be believed. Moreover you will soon find that the penalty exacted by boredom, in the shape of theatre and picture-palace tickets, far outweighs your savings as a non-gambler.

Nor, considering the present price of shoe-leather, can I urge you to walk to work.

On the whole, then, the best advice I can give, from a lifetime of experience, is that you should be very economical in your economies. They are notoriously false. G. J. BLUNDELL

MY DEAR DAVID,

But you can't economise by an act of *will*! It's a matter of temperament. Either you have it in you, or you haven't. There was once a Duke of Devonshire who, having grossly overspent himself, invited a business friend to look into things and see what could be done. After a week the friend made his report. "Take the kitchens first: I see you have two French pastry-cooks, at £200 a year each, making nothing but light pastry." "Dammit all," broke in the Duke, "Can't a fella have a biscuit?" and would listen to no more. The Duke hadn't it in him. Nor had the Suffolk squire who, on the wrong side by two or three thousand a year and greatly worried, finally decided to discontinue taking in "The Illustrated London News." Now I, on the contrary, have it in me; my habits expand and contract, concertina-like, in step with my income. When flush, I shoot and fish and travel; when broke, I read a book in Regent's Park. But there's nothing you can *do*. So don't bother your head, or me, again. L. E. J.

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Appointments Vacant

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is excepted from the provision of the Control of Engagement Order, 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provision of that Order.

IBADAN College, Nigeria, is being developed as one of the two autonomous university colleges in West Africa. Applics. invited for appointment to headships of follg. departments at College: English, History, Geography. Candidates who have insufficient exp. to warrant appointment to a chair may be appointed as senior lecturers and acting heads of departments. Salary proposed for a professor is £1,950 p.a. (incl. £450 p.a. expatriation allowance), and for a senior lecturer £1,300 p.a. (incl. £300 p.a. expatriation allowance), rising to £1,750 (incl. £400 p.a. expatriation allowance). Rent for partly furn. residential accomm. will be deducted at a charge of less than 10 per cent. of salary. Superann. arrangements similar to F.S.S.U. will be made. Passages for members of staff and wives provided, on appointment and on annual leave. Applics. (six copies), giving detailed partics. of academic exp., qualifics. and publications, and names of three refs. should be addressed before Jan. 1, 1948, to Sec., Inter-University Council for Higher Educ. in the Colonies, 8 Park St. W.1, from whom further information may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY College of the West Indies. Applics. invited for appointments on staff of Extra-Mural Dept. of University College of West Indies. It is proposed to appoint Resident Tutors in each of the follg. Colonies: Barbados, British Guiana, British Honduras, the Leeward Islands, the Windward Islands, Trinidad and Jamaica. Resident Tutors should be prepared to be transferred from one colony to another. Duties will include the organisation of extra-mural lectures and classes and co-operation with local bodies interested in adult education. The tutor should have academic qualifics. and he will undertake extra-mural teaching in one or more subjects. He will be expected to act as the local representative of the Registrar of the University College. Salary will be on scale of £600 p.a., rising by annual increments of £25 to £800. Initial salary may be at a figure above the minimum in case of exceptionally qualified persons. Provision will be made for an annual superann. contribution of 10 per cent. of the salary and for children's allowance at rate of £50 p.a. for each child up to a max. of £150. Applics. (six copies), giving full partics. of qualifics. and of exp. and names of 3 refs., to be sent before Feb. 15, 1948 to Secy., Inter-Univ. Council for Higher Educ. in the Colonies, 8 Park St. London, W.1.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Dept. of Russian. University intends to appoint forthwith an additional member of staff for Russian Language, Literature and Cultural Studies. The status and salary will be determined according to qualifics. and seniority. Applics. (3 copies) should be sent to C. G. Burton, Secy., The University, Edmund St. Birmingham, 3, by January 1, 1948.

UNIVERSITY College, Leicester. Applics. invited for a Lectureship in Mathematics. Scale £500-£750; initial salary according to qualifics. and exp. Further partics. may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applics. should be sent by Dec. 31.

CITY of Sheffield. Appointment of Director of Art Galleries. The Sheffield City Council invite applics. for the appointment of Director of City Art Galleries at a sal. of £920 p.a. plus cost of living bonus (at present £59 16s.), rising to £1,000 p.a. by 2 annual increments of £40. The appointment is subject to the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937, and the person appointed will be reqd. to pass a medical exam. and to devote the whole of his time to the service of the Council. Applics., which must be made on official form to be obtained from me, must be addressed to and received by me not later than Jan. 1. (Note. Canvassing, whether direct or indirect, is prohibited and will be a disqualification.) John Heys, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Sheffield, 1.

LEEDS College of Art. Principal: E. E. Pullée, A.R.C.A. Applics. invited for post of Head of the School of Drawing and Painting, to commence duty in April, 1948, or earlier if possible. Candidates should be practising artists with good teaching exp. This is a full-time post, but the person appointed will have opportunities of continuing his work as a practising painter. Salary in accordance with Burnham Scale for Heads of Departments, Grade II, min. £750, annual increments £25, max. £850. Additions for approved training. Applic. forms and further partics. may be obtained by sending s.a. foolscap env. to Director of Educ., Education Offices, Leeds, 1. Completed forms should be returned by Jan. 3.

B.B.C. invites applics. for post of Music Booking Manager in Programme Contracts Department. Selected candidate will be responsible to Programme Contracts Director for negotiation of fees and engagements with concert and operatic artists of every type, symphony and light orchestras and brass and military bands (but not dance bands); keeping abreast of developments in the musical world; arranging auditions of concert and operatic artists, and general management of the staff and work of the Music Booking Section. Essential qualifics. are a good general knowledge of serious music, wide and up-to-date acquaintance with professional musical conditions and artists, ability to manage staff, and general administrative capacity. Salary is on a grade rising by annual increments of £50 to a max. £1,100 p.a. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Booking Manager N. Stm.," within 7 days. For acknowledgement enclose s.a.e.

Appointments Vacant—continued

VICTORIA University College, Wellington, New Zealand. Applics. invited for the Chair of Political Science. Salary £1,200 (N.Z.) p.a. Allowance for travelling exps. Further partics. from Secretary, Universities Bureau of the British Empire, 8 Park St. London, W.1. Closing date for receipt of applics. is Jan. 31, 1948.

LONDON School of Econs. and Political Science (Univ. of London). Applics. invited for appointment as Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer (man) in Colonial Social Science. Duties will be mainly tutorial work for students from Colonies preparing for social welfare posts. Knowledge of Colonial conditions not essential. Successful candidate will be expected to take up his appointment as early as possible in the Lent Term. Salary scales £500-£850 p.a. or £400-£500 p.a., with superann. benefits and family allowances. Applics., which should be accompanied by names of three refs., should be forwarded as soon as possible to Secy., London School of Economics, Houghton St. Aldwych, W.C.2.

COUNTY Borough of Southend-on-Sea. Educ. Cttee. Municipal College. Acting Principal: B. Thomsett, B.Sc.(Eng.), A.C.G.I., M.I.E.E. Department of Commerce. Applics. invited for post of Senior Assistant, to develop degree and advanced professional courses. Candidates should be a Graduate in Econs. or Commerce and/or possess a professional qualification. Exp. in business and teaching is desirable. Salary in accordance with Burnham Technical Scale, i.e., £600 to £750 with training allowances. Full details of post and applic. form from H. Boyes Watson, Chief Education Officer, Education Office, Warrior Sq. Southend-on-Sea, on receipt of s.a. foolscap env. Applic. to be returned to Acting Principal of College, Victoria Circus, Southend-on-Sea, within a fortnight of the date of this advertisement.

APPLICS. invited for post of Assistant Keeper Grade II at the Tate Gallery. Candidates must be at least 21 and under 33 years of age on Jan. 1, 1948. Salary is on scale £330 rising by annual increments to £25 to £600; allowance made for age in fixing initial salary, one increment being added for each completed year of age over 23. Candidates should be familiar with history and practice of Fine Arts and should pref. have a Univ. degree with Hons., or a Diploma in Art subjects awarded by a Univ. or by Ministry of Educ. Candidates must be British subjects. Appointment is permanent and subject to usual Civil Service conditions. Applic. open to both men and women. In accordance with normal Civil Service practice the salary scale for women will be somewhat lower. Forms of application, together with full partics. of appointment, may be obtained from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 2072, to whom completed applic. forms should be returned by Jan. 15, 1948, for candidates in the U.K., and Jan. 31, 1948, for candidates overseas. Candidates overseas whose applic. forms may arrive later than Jan. 31, for reasons beyond their control, should write direct to Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1 (giving full details of age, nationality, educ., qualifics., exp., and war service, and quoting No. 2072) before that date, as well as completing and forwarding applic. form.

CITY of Portsmouth Educ. Cttee. Applics. invited from candidates suitably qualified by training and exp. to undertake work as Educational Psychologist for City of Portsmouth. Candidates should possess a degree in Psychology/equiv. qualification. Salary scale is at present £535 p.a., rising by two annual increments of £20 and one of £25 to £600 p.a., plus cost of living bonus. Revision of this scale is now under consideration in light of recommendations contained in report on Salary Scales and Service Conditions of Inspectors, Organisers and Advisory Officers of Local Educ. Authorities. Further partics. from E. G. Barnard, Chief Educ. Officer, Education Offices, 1 Western Parade, Southsea, to whom applics. should be submitted by Dec. 31, 1947.

DEVON C.C. (Medical Dept.). Two Psychiatric Social Workers reqd. for Child Guidance, Delinquency and other Child and Adult work. Sal. £370×£20 to £530 p.a. with travelling and subsistence allowances in addition. No bonus. Appointment will be subject to a satisfactory medical exam. and the Provisions of Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937. Appointment will be terminable by 3 mths.' notice on either side. Applicants should possess the Mental Health Certificate. Applic. forms from County Medical Officer, 4 Barnfield Crescent, Exeter, to be returned within 3 weeks of the appearance of this advertisement.

L.C.C. Psychiatric Social Worker reqd. at Sutton Emergency Hospital (for nervous and mental disorders), Brighton Road, Sutton, Surrey. Candidates must hold the Mental Health Cert. of London School of Economics or equiv. qualification. Will be reqd. to co-operate with medical staff in investigating history of mental cases and supervising social welfare of patients. Salary scale £370 rising to £530 p.a. (comm. salary according to exp.). For application form send s.a. foolscap env. to Medical Officer of Health (MHS/B), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. (3707.)

CHILD Welfare Worker for new Bethnal Green Housing Estate, to co-operate with parents in utilising facilities for children's play. Accommodation and salary £300 p.a. Qualifics. and exp. to Secretary, Junior Clubs, Save the Children Fund, 20 Gordon Sq. W.C.1.

WANTED, trained expd. Kindergarten teacher, Jan., for small group, five to seven years; also capable Senior Master (Science) willing to deputise Headmistress. Couple combining these activities most acceptable. Co-ed. Country Boarding School, 80 miles London. Box 215.

Appointments Vacant—continued

THE British Library of Political and Economic Science has vacancies for two Assistant Librarians, salaries on the scales £475-£25—£600 or £600-£25—£850, according to qualifics. and exp. Further partics. from the Librarian, London School of Economics, Houghton St. London, W.C.2, by whom applics. must be recd. by Sat., Jan. 17, 1948.

WANTED for Cod Liver Oil (Poultry) Standardisation Laboratory, a Technical Assistant for work mainly connected with routine biological tests of vitamins and other substances, preferably a woman. Comm. salary will depend on age, qualifics. and exp. A suitable candidate may be offered appointment as Experimental Officer (Consolidated scale—women £380-£495—men £470-£620). Apply by Jan. 3 to Secretary, N.I.R.D., Shinfield, Nr. Reading.

INSTITUTE of Personnel Management has vacancy for Supervisor of Secretarial Staff. Principal duties: Supervision of small staff; work allocation; distribution of Agenda and Minutes. Qualifics.: Knowl. shthd./typing, ability to handle staff, organising ability. Applics. to: Secretary, 70 Old Broad St. E.C.2 (opp. Liverpool St. Stn.). Tel. BIS. 5963.

B.B.C. req. Shorthand/Typists (British) in following departments (London): Finance, Engineering and Premises and Stores. Salaries according to age and exp. Please write stating age, exp., and qualifics. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marking applics. "Shorthand Typists, N. Stm." Only candidates selected for interview will receive acknowledgment.

SURREY C.C. Education Cttee. Applics. invited for post of District Youth Officer for Dorking and Horley area. Salary will be in accordance with Committee's scale, i.e., Men, £450×£20—£550 p.a.; Women, £350×£10-£15—£450 p.a. Appointment will be temporary for two years in first instance, but person appointed will be accepted as an officer of Surrey C.C., and will be included in the Council's superann. scheme. Further partics. and applic. forms, which must be returned by Jan. 10, can be obtained on receipt of a s.a.e., from Chief Educ. Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey.

EAST Suffolk County Educ. Cttee. A club leader, man or woman, for three estab. village clubs in Saxmundham district, each opening on one or two nights a week, is reqd. as soon as possible. Applicants should have exp. of mixed club work and should be trained youth leaders, or qualified teachers. There is scope for interesting work in informal further education. A car is necessary, for which a travelling allowance on County Council Scale will be provided. Salary scale: Men £330×£15 to £405 plus £20 p.a. for a graduate; women, £300×£10 to £350 plus £15 p.a. for a graduate. Applics. to Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Ipswich, by Jan. 3.

L.C.C. A Youth Service Organiser is reqd. for work in a Division of the Council's local education administration. Person appointed will be reqd. to assist with provision of facilities for recreation, social and physical training of young people; to assist in organisation of local events; to undertake the administrative work arising therefrom, incl. clerking and advising Borough Youth Committees; to carry out such other duties as may be arranged from time to time. Evening work is involved. Salary, £425-£25-£550. Applic. forms (s.a. foolscap env. necessary) from Education Officer (Estab./2), County Hall, S.E.1, to be returned by Jan. 10, 1948. Canvassing disqualifies. (3727.)

WARDENS required full time, either sex. Clubs for school children, London, also Cardiff (Coloured children). Salary £260 p.a. plus increment £40 for recognised training. Secretary, Junior Clubs, Save the Children Fund, 20 Gordon Sq. W.C.1.

THE Sheffield Assocn. of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs invites applics. for post of Club Organiser. Exp. in club work essential. Salary £325-£375. Letters of applic., tog. with copies of testimonials, to be sent to Chairman, Church House, St. James' St. Sheffield, 1.

NORFOLK Educ. Cttee. Applics. invited from suitably qualified persons (men/women) for appointment as Senior Teacher of the Norfolk Rural Music School. Applicants should possess good academic qualifics. and organising exp. will be an additional qualific. Salary will be in accordance with Burnham Assistant Teachers Scales plus a special responsibility allowance of £75 p.a. Forms of application and further partics. may be obtained on receipt of a s.a.e. from W. O. Bell, Chief Educ. Officer, County Educ. Offices, Stracey Rd., Norwich, and applics. should be submitted by Jan. 3. All communications must be endorsed "Rural Music School" at bottom left-hand corner of envelope.

L.C.C. Reqd. at following residential schools, Teaching Staff as indicated: Bowden House (for Educationally Sub-Normal Elder Girls), East Blatchington, near Seaford, Sx., Resident Assistant Mistress; Burrow Hill Colony (for Delicate Boys of Primary and Secondary School age range), Frimley, Surrey: Two Resident Assistant Teachers (men or women). Burnham scale salaries, plus two increments carried beyond max. Emoluments of board, lodging, washing and medical attendance in consideration of supervisory duties outside normal school hours. Applic. forms (s.a.e. necessary), from Education Officer (S.S.5), County Hall, S.E.1, returnable by Jan. 3. (3704.)

MATHS. Master required for Common Entrance January in large tutorial establishment in Sussex. Wife can be under-matron. Good salary. Box 665.

WANTED January, qualified Woman Teacher shorthand and book-keeping. Must be well educated. Box 724.

Appointments Vacant—continued

DERBY Educ. Cttee. Applics. invited for post of Woman Deputy Head Teacher at a Mixed Secondary Modern School. (The Head Teacher is a man.) It is essential that candidates should have exp. in, and enthusiasm for, the education of children drawn from a poor and congested quarter of the town. Burnham scale plus £40 p.a. special allowance. Applic. forms can be obtained from C. Middleton, Director of Education, Education Office, The Council House, Corporation St. Derby, and should be submitted with copies of 3 recent testimonials, by Jan. 3.

DEVON County Education Cttee. Crediton High School. A Housemistress-Matron is reqd. for a small boarding-house (15 girls) attached to the above school; duties include housekeeping and catering and general supervision. Some exp. in boarding schools desirable. Good res. sal. Apply immediately, with refs. & copies of testims., to Headmistress.

THE University of Manchester. Cook Housekeeper reqd. for small hall of residence (20 residents). Sal. not less than £140 p.a. with board and residence. Applics. to the Bursar, The University, Manchester.

CITY Export firm requires shorthand-typist with perfect knowledge of German, if possible also French. Box 9745.

JUNIOR shorthand typist reqd. for Bookshop in Central London. Box 398.

SECOND-hand Bookshop, Peter Eaton, 204 Kensington Church St. W.8, reqs. help to manage. Prev. exp. not essential but good memory, real interest & honesty. Permanent job. State age, sal. reqd.

EDITOR-PUBLISHER requires experienced assistant with knowledge of bookkeeping, shtd., etc. Apply by letter only, Countrygoer, 58 Frith St. W.1.

RESIDENT gardener (woman) wanted for small hostel in Highgate. Further partics. from Secy., Homerton College, Cambridge.

Appointments Wanted

GENTLEMAN, 38, seeks position Export or vocation involving travel. Business contacts Germany, Scandinavia. 19 years' business experience. Box 475.

YOUNG woman, 2 yrs. exp., cinema-theatre research/publicity for U.S. press, wants job with go and opportunity. Not afraid hard work. Box AC24014, Samson Clarks, 57/61, Mortimer St. W.1.

EVENING work reqd. by R.S.A. certificated typist. Theses, Novels, Plays, etc. Gwynneth Kemp, 253 Alcester Road South, Birmingham, 14.

YOUNG woman, 2nd class hons. degree (Engl.) Oxon., shthnd. (130), typing, business exp., sks. responsible sec. post. Box 540.

EX-Serviceman, 30, seeks interesting job. Willing to invest £2,000. Box 572.

LADY Dipl. in Economics (London), Continental Univ. educ., fluent French, German; business exp. office, wholesale, seeks responsible progressive situation. Box 560.

Schools

BEVERLEY School, Wolfelee, nr. Hawick. Prog. Co-Educ. Children from 3 years. Healthy, happy environment. Special attention given to diet. Entire charge, arrangements made for children with parents abroad.

COACHING. All ages to School Cert. Any period. Educational Psychologist. Tel. for interview. PAD. 3221.

FORMOSA School, Epping House, Nr. Hertford, 50 boys and girls 6-13, boarding and day. Quaker ideas; trained Staff. Bedales and County Scholarships won 1947. (Mrs.) Lucia Beamish, B.A. Hons., A.R.C.M. Essendon 341.

LONG Dene, Chiddingstone, Edenbridge, Kent. A group of 100 children and 40 adults, creatively concerned with education, agriculture and the arts. Directors: J. C. Guinness, B.A., Karis Guinness, R. G. H. Job, B.Sc. Vacancies for children aged 6-11, Sept., 1948.

MALTMAN'S Green, Gerrard's Cross, 9 to 19. Founder, Miss B. Chambers, M.A., Head Mistress, Miss Theo. M. Lowe, M.A. Aim: to develop character and intellect, respect individuality and encourage initiative.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm. T.T. cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys and girls, 9-18. After S.C. pupils prepared for Univ. Principals: Carl and Eleanor Urban.

PROGRESSIVE Co-educational Home School, special attention to diet & hygiene. Plenty of trained staff, fine house and grounds. Nor-West School, Dale Rd. Purley, Surrey.

ST. CATHERINE'S, Almondsbury, nr. Bristol. Co-ed.; boarding; all ages. Overlkg. Channel, Welsh Hills. Vegetarian and food reform diet. Music, Dancing, Drama, Crafts, etc. Ralph Cooper, M.A., and Joyce Cooper.

ST. Timothy's School, Dawlish, Devon. Boys between 4 and 14 years. A sound educational preparation for Public and County Secondary School is given in ideal surroundings. Miss Stookes, National Froebel Union.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Apply Miss Lee, M.A.

Studentships

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Dept. of Russian. Applics. invited for a Research Studentship in Russian. The holder will be reqd. to work under direction of the Board of Slavonic Studies, and will receive a grant for travel. Applicants should submit a programme of research with their applics., which should be recd. by Jan. 1, 1948 by C. G. Burton, Sec., University, Edmund St. Birmingham, 3.

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